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Tom Bethell on
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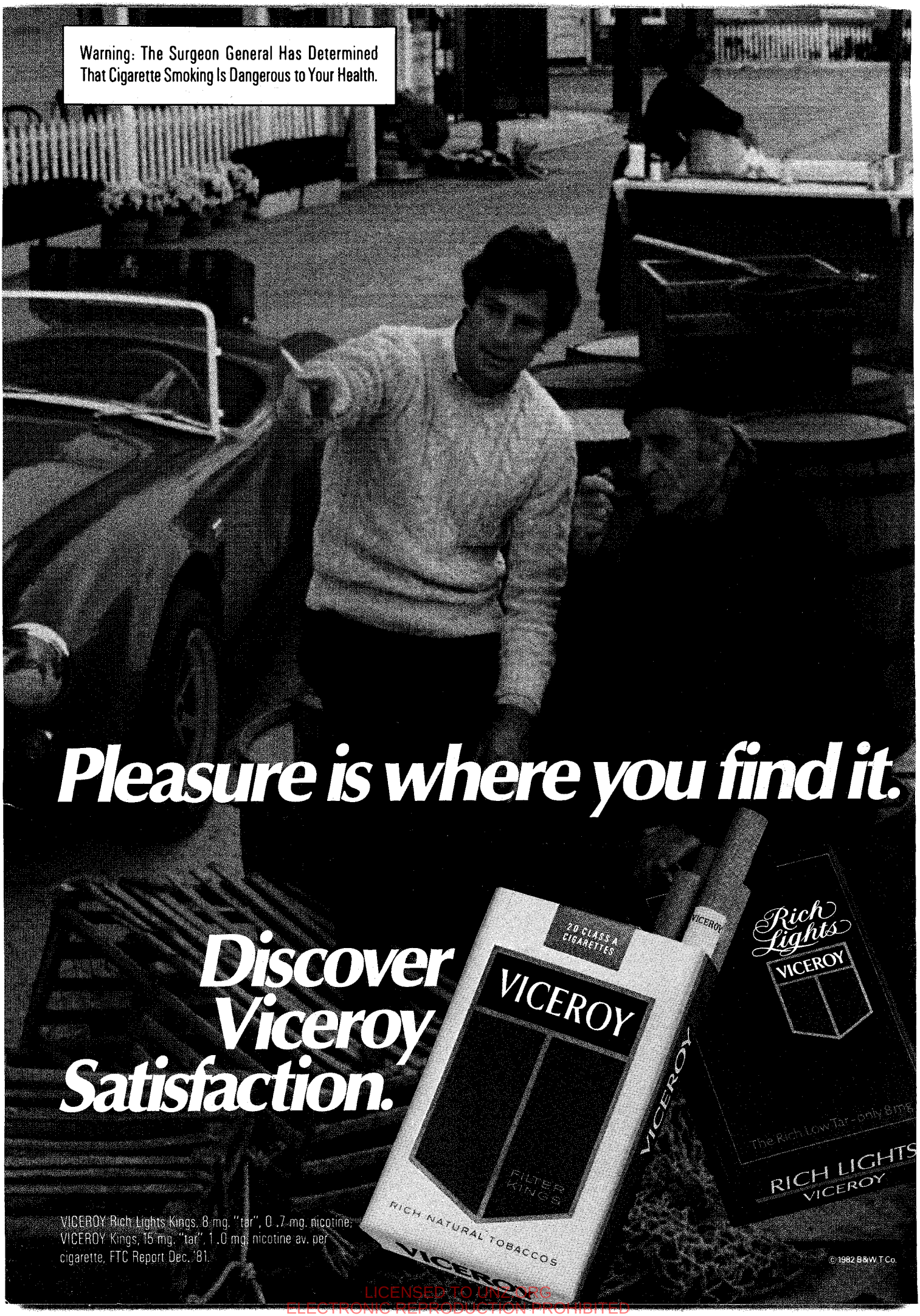
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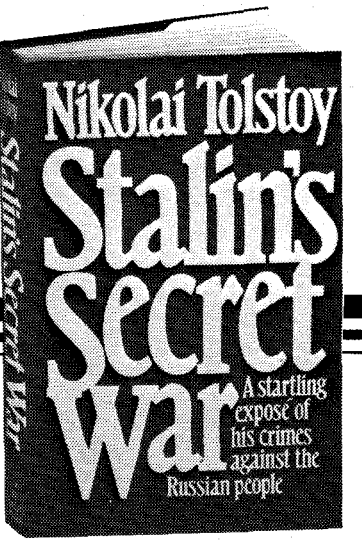
"A STUPENDOUS BOOK"

— Joseph Sobran
National Review



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479 pages ■ meticulously documented with over 1,000 notes ■ endpaper maps of Soviet slave camps ■ 13-page index

Mr. Sobran's review explains why:

Liberals forever remind us that the Soviet Union lost twenty million people in World War II. Nikolai Tolstoy (grandnephew of Leo) puts the figure even higher. But he argues that most of them were killed by Stalin himself....

He was incomparably the richest man who ever lived: "Stalin virtually owned the Soviet Union in as absolute a sense as property can acquire." When a dog in the street woke him with its barking, he had dog and master shot. A series of painters who produced insufficiently flattering portraits of him — five-feet-four, scrawny, scrofular — were also shot. While the proletariat was reduced, at times to cannibalism, he had mountains of caviar specially flown to his enormous personal estate, where he watched the American gangster movies he loved....

He drove one wife to suicide, obscenely abused his daughter for wanting to marry a Jew, beat and insulted a son, whom he later allowed to die unransomed in a German prison camp. He delighted in tormenting his highest confederates — including the nominal president of the USSR, Kalinin — in front of foreign dignitaries...

With his own criminal example he encouraged what one trusts was by far the most brutal period of violence in human history. Even *The Gulag Archipelago* hardly prepares one for this. One example will convey the tone: a man who would not "confess" to Trotskyist activities even after castration was forced to watch his pregnant wife beaten until she delivered a stillborn child. Such things were done thousands upon thousands of times, year after year after year. Special instruments of torture were apparently mass-produced, one for squeezing the skull, another for the testicles, and so forth, though interrogators were permitted to use broken bottles, ice picks, or whatever other conventional tools appealed to them....

There was apparently only one foreign head of state Stalin really trusted. He was paralyzed with shock and incredulity when Adolf Hitler broke his word by attacking Russia. For days he could barely compose himself sufficiently to order the usual potential enemies shipped off to labor camps; but eventually he did, even when he couldn't formulate a battle plan against the Germans.

It was always the domestic enemy he feared most: the kind of wartime revolt that had toppled Kerensky. Stalin did indeed make unremitting war on his own people; he never really understood why they didn't fight back, and he was amazed at the patriotism that drove them to fight for Russia, despite everything, when Hitler invaded.

Instead of returning the favor, he stepped up his pre-emptive purges all the while his people were saving his skin. It is wickedness of an astounding degree. This book makes *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* seem like Restoration comedy.

Tolstoy, who is worthy to inherit the name, interprets the slaughter of the Polish officers in the Katyn Forest as one of Stalin's attempts to forestall domestic revolt: the officers might have given potential rebels in the western part of the Soviet Union the leadership they needed, igniting a general uprising.

Just before his death Stalin was contemplating an invasion of Western Europe.

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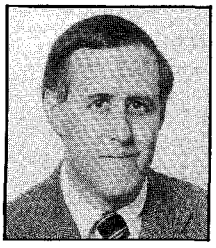

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The Case of Walter Polovchak

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In 1980 a Ukrainian family moved to Chicago, there to be reunited with relatives. A few months later the father began thinking of returning home. Two of the three children refused; one was old enough to decide for herself, but her brother—shown on our cover—was only 12. His case has become a national controversy, involving the courts, the Justice Department, immigration authorities, the Soviet Embassy, the Ukrainian-American community, the ACLU, and Natalia Solzhenitsyn. At issue is a serious question of principle: Do the claims of the family override those of personal freedom?

Ludmilla Thorne

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Bracket creep hurts everyone except the rich. So why is the Party of Compassion against indexing?

Tom Bethell

310 A Triumph of Philosophy

Inevitably, perhaps, Phil Gramm, the Democrats' leading Reaganite, became a Republican, and then went on to offer a lesson to both parties: Let Reaganites be Reaganites. *William Murchison*

321 The Classics Alive

Want to learn Latin or Greek in a summer? Just give ten weeks to Professor Moreland and his merry classicists. (Nights, too.) *Richard Brookhiser*

322 Saving Science and Saving Money

Federally funded basic research is in the national interest, but most federal funds go to other things. A scientist notes the fat in the scientific budget.

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Our readers respond, diversely, to Allan Bloom's challenge to the universities: is he guilty of optimism or despair?

329 Sense as Psychotherapist

Freud could have saved us all a lot of trouble by reading Jane Austen. *Michael A. Scully*

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330 The chief Soviet expert on us speaks marvelous liberalese, says **Joseph Sobran**, wondering if liberals will see the point of it. . . . **John Lukacs** discovers a master of American English—who, *mirabile dictu*, writes regularly for the *New York Times*. . . . Trial lawyer Gerry Spence is properly impressed with his own genius, says our one-man jury, **Chilton Williamson Jr.** . . . Robert Lowell, our craziest—and greatest—recent poet, deserves a better biography than Ian Hamilton's, thinks **Thomas Mallon**. . . . Another biography of another wild poet, Robert Graves, pleases **Jeffrey Meyers**. . . . **John Simon** has kind words for Karl Malden's nose, which has suffered at the hands of other critics. . . . **Nika Hazelton** ponders profound questions, like what would we call a 27th letter. . . . **D. Keith Mano** returns to the Stickball Hall of Fame.

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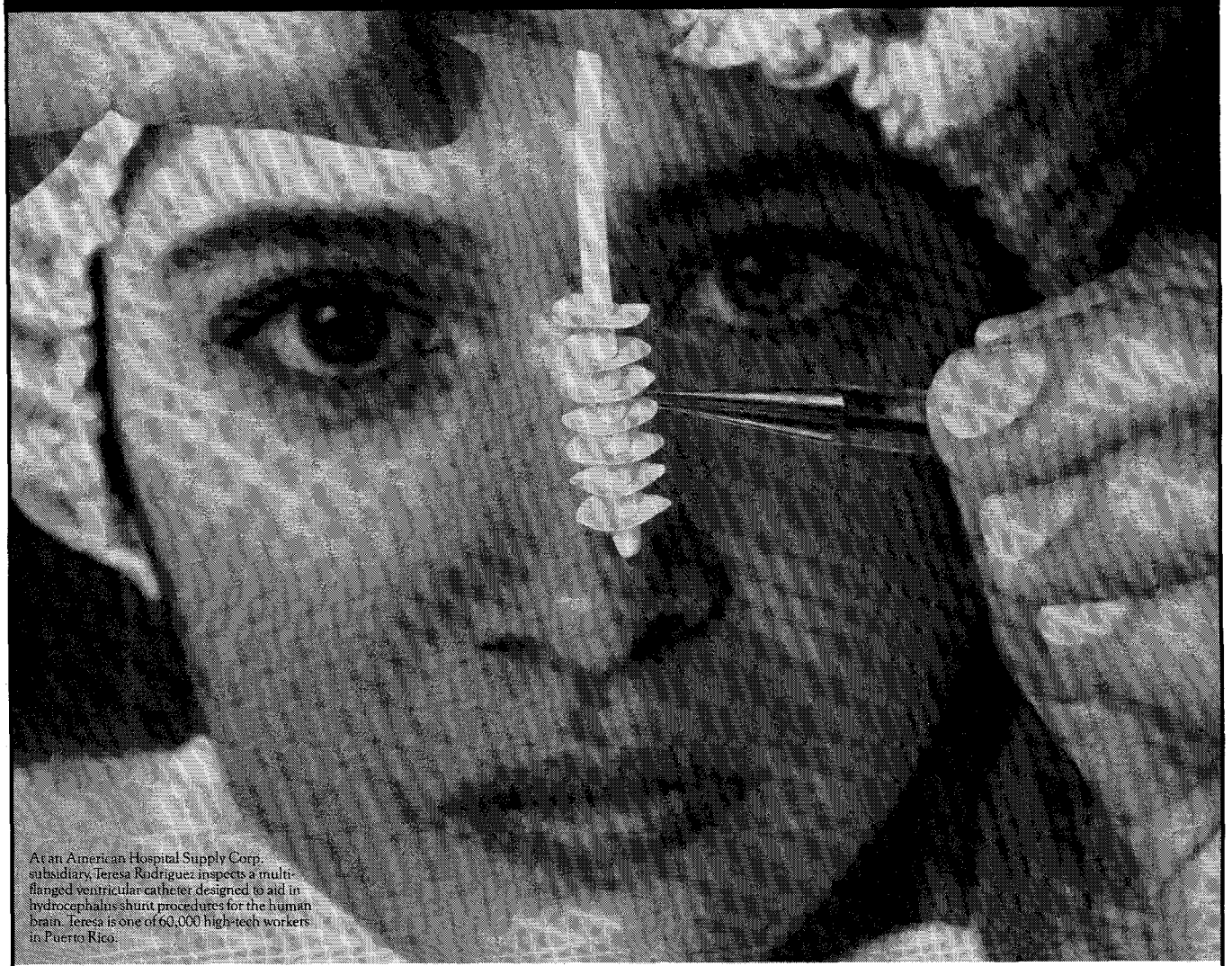

At an American Hospital Supply Corp. subsidiary, Teresa Rodriguez inspects a multi-flanged ventricular catheter designed to aid in hydrocephalus shunt procedures for the human brain. Teresa is one of 60,000 high-tech workers in Puerto Rico.

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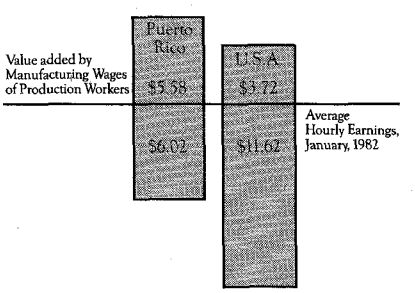

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*Sources: U.S. Bureau of the Census and U.S. and Puerto Rico Departments of Labor

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Letters

Tread Softly

I agree with Walter Olson ["Don't Slam the Door," Mar. 4] that we should not adopt the protectionism suggested by Anthony Harrigan ["Needed: A Strategic Economic Policy," Mar. 4]. For instance, Toyota can teach us how to save $2,000 per car, when usually GM loses $800 on each Chevette.

However, I still feel that there is injustice inherent in the free-market system which Mr. Olson so fervently advocates. The quote from Congressman Bourke Cockran that he closes with illustrates this. Indeed our "free-trade system makes the whole industrial life of the world one vast scheme of cooperation for [our] benefit." So if union members in the U.S. can obtain wage settlements that are in excess of the worth of their productivity, why is it that the gatherers of fruit and the miners of essential ores in Third World nations cannot receive comparable payment for their efficient labor? The gap in the different standards of living and working between developed and developing nations is indecent. It is not only that their governments are often socialist. It is also that their governments must participate in a global free-market system in which wheat is traded for uranium, and starvation is on the same scale as nuclear superiority.

We should definitely work toward a new economic order if we believe in the basic values of free trade. We should develop a system that does not merely redistribute wealth, but one in which users pay for services directly and comparatively, even if overseas.

Cornelius Lynch
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Failing Fecklessly

Alexander J. Motyl and Adrian Karatnycky, in their article about Soviet dissent in the 1980s ["All Quiet on the Pro-Western Front?" Feb. 18], correctly criticized the general media's overwhelming concentration on the Soviet capital, Moscow, to the relative neglect of the peripheral regions where dissent is more intense and widespread. What a difference there would be in press coverage of the USSR if journalists were allowed access to the capitals of the other Soviet republics.

Motyl and Karatnycky are also correct in observing that the Helsinki Watch Groups in the non-Russian republics have not restricted their attention to general human-rights issues, but have raised the important issue of their nations' right to self-determination. The Lithuanian Helsinki Group, founded on November 25, 1976, stated in its first announcement to the Helsinki signatories "that the contemporary status of Lithuania was established as a result of the entrance of Soviet troops onto her territory on June 15, 1940."

Motyl and Karatnycky described the petition to the United Nations signed by over 16,000 Lithuanian Catholics back in 1972. Since that time, even larger petitions have been signed in Soviet-occupied Lithuania: in 1980, a petition to Brezhnev was signed by nearly 150,000 people. This petition demanded the return for religious use of the Catholic church seized by the regime in 1961 in the port city of Klaipeda. The Soviets had sadistically allowed the Catholics in Klaipeda to build their church but then promptly seized it and converted it into a concert hall.

It puzzles and angers me—a first-generation Lithuanian-American whose parents were refugees from war-torn Lithuania—that the feckless United Nations has failed to bring up the question of restoring independence to the Baltic states (Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania), members of the original League of Nations, while it continues to press the issues of Namibian and Palestinian independence. Truly, the Baltic nations represent the last vestige of colonialism on the European continent.

Raymond Paskauskas
Los Angeles, Calif.

Assumptions

It is obvious to me that Father Enrique T. Reuda—or, for that matter, Joseph Sobran ["Summa of Inversion," Feb. 18]—could never say, "Why, some of my best friends are homosexuals." Therefore, I must protest their righteous assumption: Homosexuals are sinners, but can still save themselves if they abandon their evil ways. [See also "On the Right," p. 344.]

I am not gay, but some of my best friends are. The most beloved of these is my son. We share a warm and caring relationship, and I believe I am much more on the inside of this issue than most judges.

No one asked me what I thought when this research was being done. If queried, I would have said, "Of course I didn't prefer a homosexual child. But my son didn't *choose* to be homosexual, either."

We have learned painstakingly over the years to stop judging the worth of a man by the color of his skin, or by his faith, or by his origin. We are still trying, moving ever so slowly, not to judge people because of their sex. It doesn't make any sense at all to say that because someone is gay, he—or she—is not entitled to equality.

My son was born in the Forties and was

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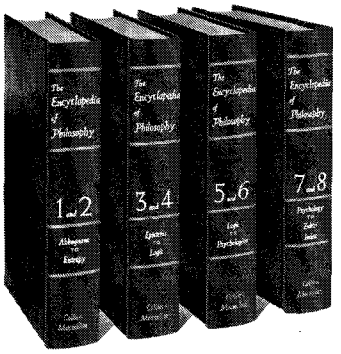

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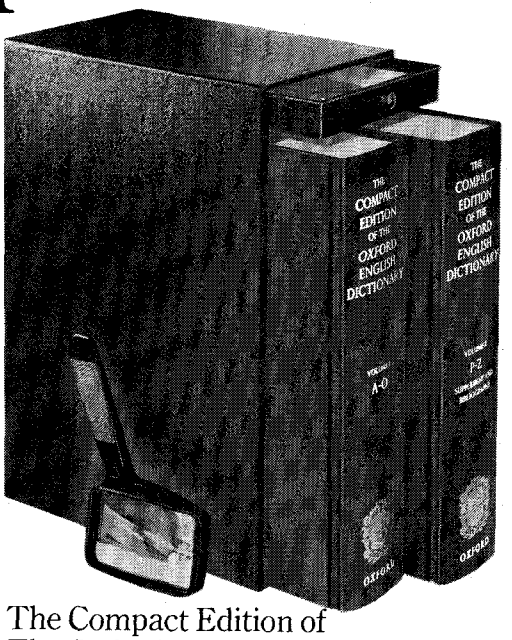

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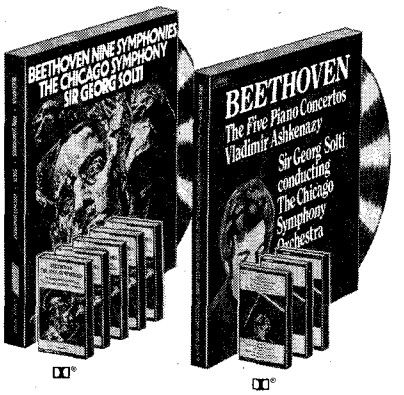
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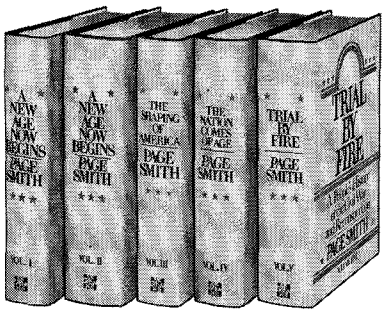

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Government-Speak

In 1828 Noah Webster published what he called an "*American* Dictionary of the English Language" because he knew that the United States was changing forever the way English was spoken. George Bernard Shaw observed nearly a century later that England and America were two nations divided by the same language.

Developing a common way of speaking in America helped unite the country. Recent developments threaten to divide it. Increasingly, Americans in one part of the country are speaking differently from everyone else. It's not a different language they're speaking, really, as much as a patois that parodies language. It flowers in Washington, D.C. It's called *governmentese.*

Governmentese has a lexicon of acronyms and jargon that seeks to rob words of their meaning as well as meaning from words. Some words in governmentese mean things you'd never dream of; other times they mean nothing at all.

It's a language that speaks in euphemisms, uses "impact" as a verb, and favors the passive voice to avoid fixing responsibility. Its gospel is the Federal Register, and its disciples tend to work in the federal government. They seek "measurable end products" they can "prioritize" and then "effectuate." It's not George Orwell's "newspeak" as much as ol'fashioned double talk. Gibberish, garble, and gobbledygook are to governmentese what conciseness, clarity, and crispness are to conventional speech.

In governmentese, people do not talk or write. They "communicate." Instead of meeting, they "interface." A tax increase in governmentese is "revenue enhancement." There is no "future" in this peculiar parlance. There are "out years."

A few years ago the rest of the country spoke of gas rationing. Not in Washington. There it was called "end use allocation." It's impossible in governmentese to make a mistake. But people have "misspoken" on occasion.

If there were such a thing as a governmentese glossary we would find in it that Cuban refugees are "entrants: status pending;" illegal aliens are "undocumented workers;" and teenagers are "unemancipated minors." If you were developing a budget in governmentese and wanted to kill a project, you would "zero fund the program."

A Cabinet Secretary recently explained how the elderly could benefit from "behavioral and life-style modifications within individual control." Perhaps we all could benefit—if we knew what it meant!

If there were such a thing as a Lewis Carroll award for bafflegab in language, it would have to go to "national species of special emphasis." Endangered species are threatened with extinction and therefore protected by law from being killed. "National species of special emphasis" are endangered species you can kill legally.

Such words govern the nation. A language once filled with vigor and gusto is being wrestled to the ground by peddlers of jabberwocky.

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a teenager in the Fifties. From the time he was three years old, he knew he was different. I am his mother, but I didn't know. In the climate of the times, there was no one he could talk to. He held his suffering inside; he tried to play the game.

In his late teens, he wrote our minister and asked his advice. The minister's reaction was one of outrage and shock. He sternly reprimanded my son and told him he was very sick and needed a psychiatrist.

When my son moved into the gay community of San Francisco, he discovered that he really wasn't all alone in the world. There he was given the understanding and sense of belonging he had missed all his life. And at last he developed a sense of worth. He told me about it some years later, when he was confident of himself and who he was. I was devastated—not because he was gay, but because of his aching, painful childhood when he had battled and despaired, even contemplating suicide at one point.

No, homosexuals do not choose this for an exciting lifestyle, nor are they persuaded into it. As for movie stars and other notables that support them, I applaud anyone brave enough to speak up for the rights of an oppressed minority. If the gay community leans toward the liberal viewpoint, it's because liberals are the only ones who have acknowledged them as human beings.

Mildred Keiser
Salem, Ill.

L-5 Again

Jack Kirwan's article "Heinlein's Children" [Feb. 4] was an excellent review of the L-5 Society. I have been with the Society for many years and still struggle trying to explain some of the ideas that Mr. Kirwan states so simply. I would like to mention, however, that the conference he praised so highly will be repeated in April in Houston. For those wishing more information on the conference or the L-5 Society write or call: L-5 Society, Bay Area Chapter, 1025 Jefferson Street, Santa Clara, Calif. 95050 (408-262-7177).

Diana Adamic
Redwood City, Calif.

O brash new world, that has such people in 't! Jack Kirwan's report on the first annual Conference on Space Development was so cloyingly assertive, so obtrusively optimistic, that it made me shudder.

I may be in a minority, but I must confess that I was appalled and offended by Mr. Kirwan's view of the future, especially when he quoted approvingly Robert Hein-

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lein's suggestion that all those who disagree with this view are "born losers," "cowards," and "weaklings."

I see in all this restless striving for new frontiers only an escape, an evasion of life, of responsibility, and ultimately a flight from death.

I believe it was Carlyle who wrote: "Here and Now is your Promised Land." When it comes time, as I'm afraid it will, to board the last space ship bound for some distant colony, I will be forced to decline. Like Ulysses on Calypso's island, I prefer the land of my fathers to immortality.

Nathaniel Harper
Aurora, Colo.

New Contest

I have read with pleasure the results of the recent contests in *NR*, especially the one on party openers [Nika Hazelton, "Winners and Losers," Feb. 18]. May I suggest another contest—a *petitio principii* competition for the journalist who manages to pack the most anti-conservative bias into one sentence (the winner to receive the coveted Golden Hive award)?

My nominee is Mr. John A. Jenkins, author of the following sentence, which appeared in his feature article on Justice Blackmun, published in the *Chicago Tribune*: "No longer a conservative, Blackmun has become a pragmatic, strongly independent jurist who more often than not votes with the Court's two more liberal justices, Thurgood Marshall and William J. Brennan Jr." Jenkins's contrasting of "conservative" and "pragmatic" and his association of "independent" with "liberal" show that he has mastered the art of the casual smear. Because an examination of this bigotry would prove rich in examples, it'd be a shame to let the leaders go unrecognized.

Frederick Butzen
Chicago, Ill.

Our Side

Mr. Ken Stuart, criticizing some sentences in my review of Samuel McCracken's *The War against the Atom* (see "Letters," Mar. 4) is partly misled by the context. When I said that "socialism and solar power support each other like two drunks on the street," I was talking about the solar dystopia of Barry Commoner, which would require massive retooling (to make American industries compatible with his solar-power sources) and major resettlement (to supply enough farm workers to make all that methane). And all directed by the state. Socialism, in my book.

But Mr. Stuart also misleads himself. Central solar-power plants are completely untested. Home solar gadgets are costly, complicated, fragile, and marketable only because supported by tax credits. But don't believe me. Read McCracken, or (a man who always deserves a plug) Petr Beckmann.

—RB

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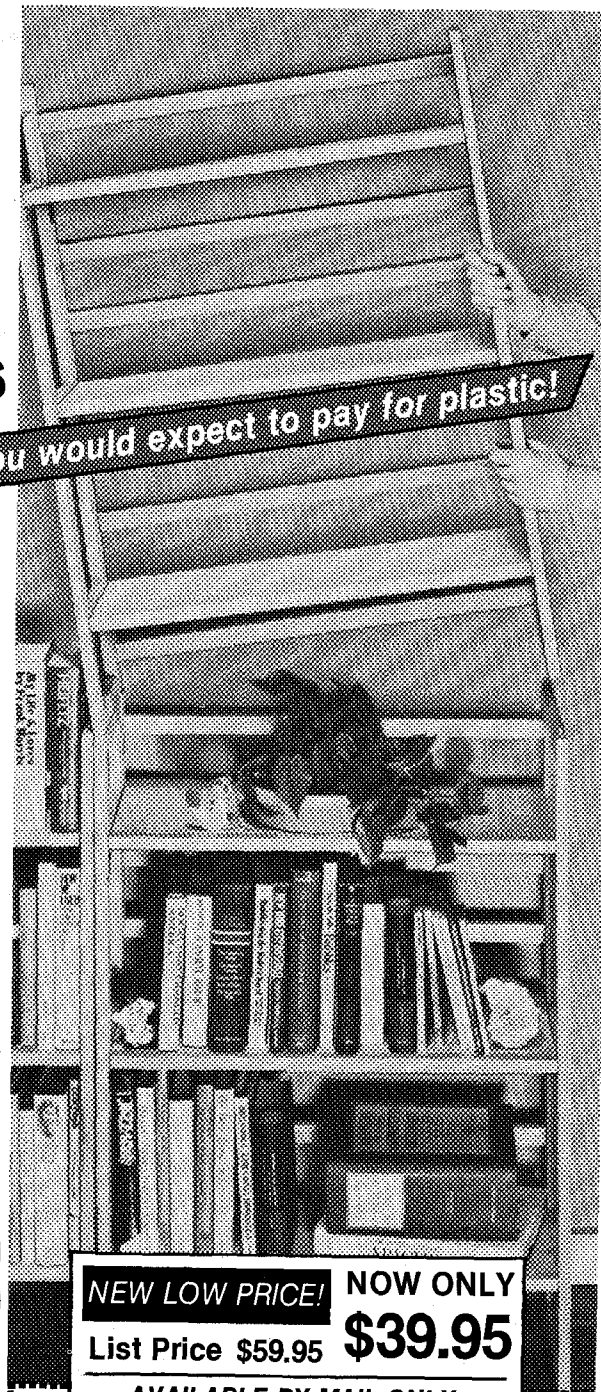

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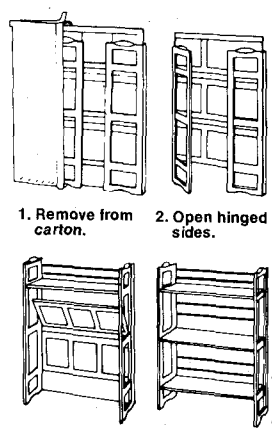

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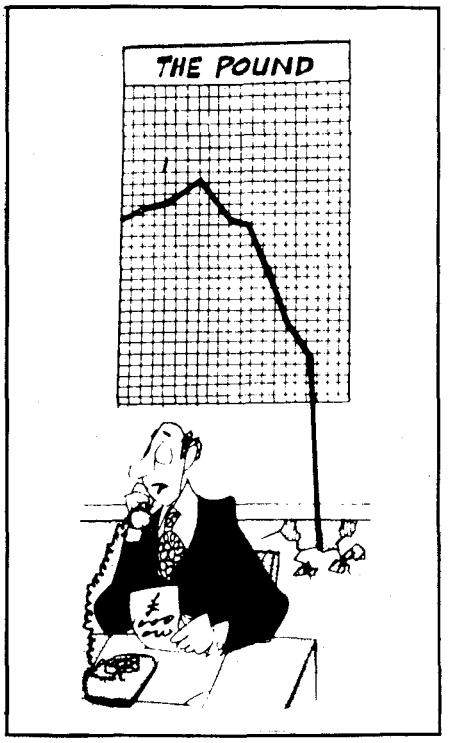
FOR THE RECORD

■ Rocky, indeed, is the road of the early favorite in a presidential contest, as **Walter Mondale** is finding out in a big way. At least two of Mondale's worst lesions have been self-inflicted. In interview with *Boston Globe* Feb. 25, he revealed that he had privately disagreed with many of Jimmy Carter's decisions that he publicly supported: the big Cabinet purge, the sale of F-15 fighters to Saudi Arabia, the Soviet grain embargo in response to Afghanistan, among others. Result, report columnists **Evans & Novak**, is a trail of sizzling Carterites (including the big man himself) around the country, plus boomlet for presidential aspirations of moderate Sen. **Dale Bumpers** of Ark., a Southerner with good ADA credentials, whose admirers, say E&N, include "liberals not yet bowled over by Sen. **Gary Hart**." . . . **Carl Rowan**, the black columnist for the *Washington Post*, says blacks are infuriated by Mondale's inept endorsement of **Richard M. Daley** in three-way Chicago Democratic primary (Daley ran third). The black community, says Rowan, will not accept Mondale's excuse that he had promised Daley his backing last fall before Rep. **Harold Washington**, the winner, entered the race. . . . Mondale still has inside track for formal AFL-CIO endorsement in October, but even that path is strewn with boulders. Says one AFL-CIO official: How, for instance, can the California AFL-CIO go along with the national organization when its favorite son, Sen. **Alan Cranston**, has 100 per cent perfect labor voting record, even if, he adds, "Cranston's going nowhere"? . . . And then there are the hawks in labor's ranks—the old **George Meany** crowd—looking askance at Mondale's appeasing gestures toward the Soviet Union. Nearly all the Democratic hopefuls are playing the disarmament card—**Ben Wattenberg** describes it as "getting into bidding contests as to who is dovier-than-thou"—but Mondale is hard to overtake on this one. . . . Finally, can he make it with the Sunbelt? Sen. **Fritz Hollings** (S.C.) doesn't think so. Hollings was at Bal Harbour, Fla. with the rest last week, cheerfully admitting to his 50 per cent record on labor votes and his provenance from a right-to-work state, but, he says, **Lane Kirkland** et al. must realize that no Democrat can win the Presidency without winning the South and he, Hollings, is the most likely man to do just that.



Mahood, *Daily Mail* Rothco

"Second floor here. How's the pound doing down there?"

■ Despite various criticisms of State of the Union speech, net impact was good, according to **Garth-Penn-Schoen** polls taken right after the talk. They show **Reagan**'s approval rating at 56 per cent, up from 51 per cent at turn of year. Walter Mondale's lead over Reagan in match-up polls dropped from a 47 to 41 ratio in December to a 44 to 43 ratio in late February. . . . The President won another victory of sorts at Governors Conference when very critical resolution sponsored by Wisconsin Gov. **Anthony S. Earl** (D.) was voted down 25 to 16, and a substitute resolution calling for budget cuts adopted. . . . On disarmament front, a group of prominent Washingtonians in and around the government was dismayed last week at private briefing by Cardinal **Bernardin** on morality of nuclear warfare. He's in over his head, was one comment; another: he leans too heavily on Father **Bryan Hehir** for the brass tacks he should himself know.

■ **Andropov**'s new Russia: After a one-day trial Soviet mathematician **Valery Senderov** has been sent to a labor camp for seven years, to be followed by five years of internal exile. His offense: he had charged antisemitism at University of Moscow. Also scheduled to go to trial, Ukrainian poet **Irina Ratushinskaya**, whose poems criticizing the Soviet Union have been printed in the West, and three members of SMOT, the Soviet version of Solidarity. . . . **Simone Weil**, former president of European parliament, claims fewer Jews have been permitted to emigrate in months since Andropov came to power than in **Brezhnev**'s last months.

■ Final Mondale note: *Wall Street Journal* analyst **Albert Hunt**, observing Mondale at work, comments he won't be surprised if Mondale "soon endorses government-subsidized kosher lunches for gay left-handed unemployed schoolteachers."

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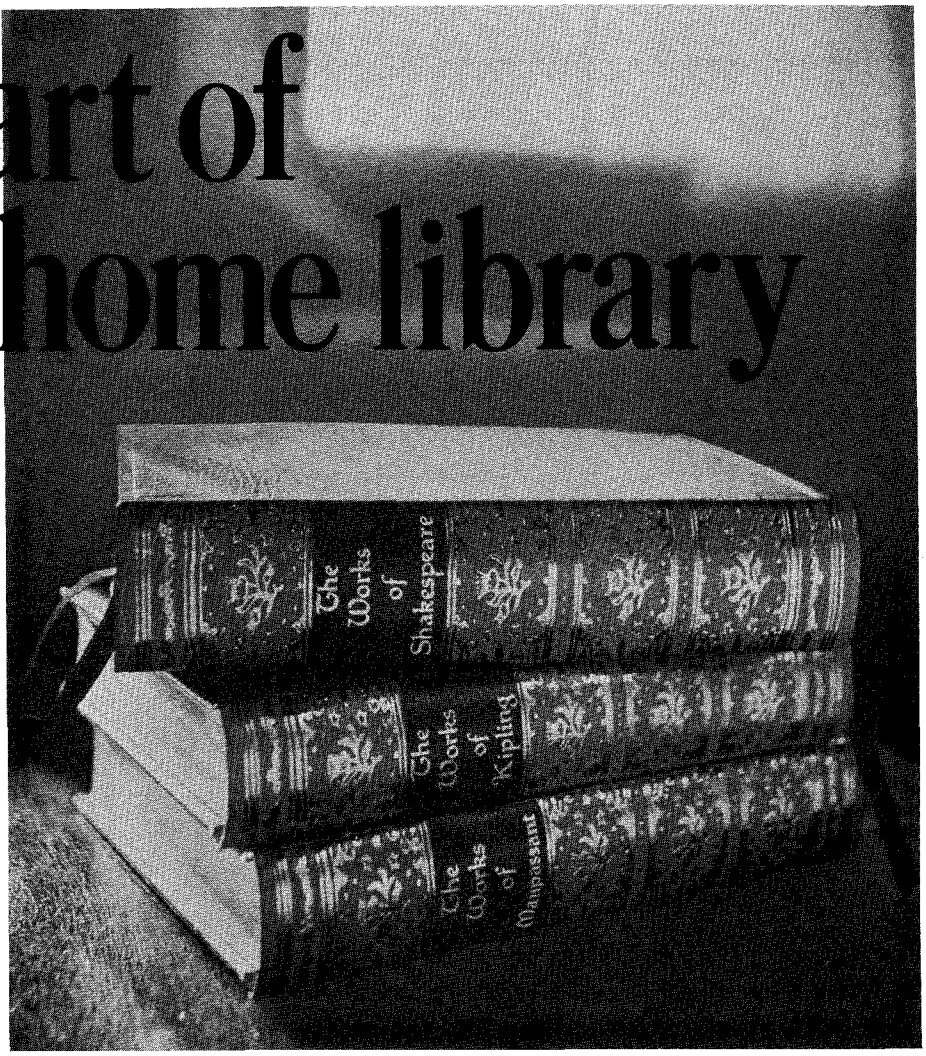

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THE WEEK

■ The late Mayor Richard J. Daley, always a traditionalist, is said to have voted at least once in the recent Chicago primary election and is preparing to do his best for Democratic nominee Harold Washington in the coming general election.

■ Conservative criticism of the Reagan record has been receiving a good deal of media attention, though in fact only a few prominent conservatives are mutinous—notably Howard Phillips, Richard Viguerie, M. Stanton Evans, and John Lofton. "Reagan," declares Phillips, head of the Conservative Caucus, "is a total disaster." "There has been no Reagan revolution in Washington," Evans told the recent Conservative Political Action Conference, and "there will be no Reagan revolution." Criticisms focused on the tax increases, the White House staff, and the absence so far of legislative progress on a variety of "social issues." This conservative rebellion appears to have enlisted very few followers. As William Rusher told the Conference, Reagan has shifted the terms of political debate in this country. "We are not arguing if taxes should be cut," he said, "but how much. We are not arguing whether domestic spending should be cut, but how much. . . . Let us appreciate what we have. He is our leader. He is our winner." "The President has not been a total success," argued Lyn Nofziger, "and anybody who expects him to be is not realistic." Though most conservatives appear to agree with Rusher and Nofziger, the criticism offered by the minority does have the useful effect of focusing on the unfinished agenda.

■ *Q:* Why does the deficit loom so ominously? *A:* Reagan's tax cuts, of course; but also runaway defense spending. That is the *A* for liberals, anyway. Columnist Patrick Buchanan posed himself the same *Q* recently, and answered it with his customary insight: "To show what side of the budget has caused the spending explosion, gaze if you will upon a single program—Social Security. In 1960, the United States dispensed $11 billion in benefits; in 1965, $16 billion. By 1970, Social Security, however, had started accelerating more rapidly—to $36 billion, more than a doubling in five years. By 1975, it hit $78 billion, another doubling. By 1983, the figure was projected at $174 billion. Social Security in 1960 was an insignificant fraction of national defense; today, added to Medicare—which didn't exist in 1960—it equals national defense. What bankrupted America, then, was not national security, but 'the Great Society.' The Great Society literally sank the wealth of an empire into social programs and ended up doing greater damage to America's social fabric than the Great Depression and the Great War that followed." And it also scooped out the Great Deficit.

■ No doubt about it. Ambassador Kenneth Adelman was taken aback by the inquisitorial vigor of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee's inquiry into his fitness to head the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. That he was less than adroit in responding to manifest hostility is forgivable. The same goes for his reported use of the word "sham" to characterize arms-control negotiations, it being a matter of record that they have failed to fulfill the utopian hopes of the arms-control community. Adelman deserves confirmation as a matter of principle, for in the absence of clear evidence of unfitness a President is entitled to his choices in staffing an Administration. It is going to be difficult to find a perfect nominee if Adelman is rejected by the full Senate. The Foreign Relations Committee's obdurate majority has managed only to complicate the important business of providing vigorous direction to shape up the ailing ACDA.

■ Standard diversionary tactics: Whittaker Chambers was a sometime homosexual neurotic with bad teeth who didn't bathe as often as one could wish. He was fully capable of planting a phony typewriter on unsuspecting people. The trial atmosphere was charged with hysteria; the second trial ended just weeks before Joe McCarthy's Wheeling speech. Richard Nixon, disgraced by the Watergate scandal, led the investigation. . . . Alger Hiss has been back in court many times since then, still ostensibly seeking vindication. He will never get it, not after Allen Weinstein's *Perjury*, and he must know it; but as Chambers foresaw, he will persist as long as he can maintain a certain level of confusion among those who lack the energy to review the evidence from which the Hiss phalanx keeps trying to shift attention. Two more courts have just reviewed the evidence, and rejected Hiss's appeals.

■ At one time, the transition to black majority rule in Zimbabwe, formerly Rhodesia, was held up as a reassuring model for neighboring South Africa. The model has become much less reassuring lately. Under the autocratic rule of Prime Minister Mugabe, tribal conflict is intensifying. Mugabe and the security forces are heavily Mashona; his chief political rival and much of the opposition is Matabele. These conflicts were present long before the British assumed control a century ago. The Matabele were then a militant minority of newcomers, and "Mashona" was the denigrating name they gave to the hapless locals they were pushing around. Now that "majority" rule

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

NR's February 21 reception in Washington was an historic gas. Never has it happened, say Washington cave-dwellers still dazed by the event, that a sitting President would stand on a platform (flanked by WFB et al.) at a reception (where five-minute stop-bys are the presidential rule) and engage in the semi-impromptu vaudeville with as much high spirit as any of the performers. The occasion for this largely imported party (a planeload of *NR* editors, friends, and the Yale Whiffenpoofs flew down from NYC) was the belated installation of John McLaughlin as *NR*'s Washington executive editor.

Emcee Bill Rusher introduced the Whiffs, who sang with their customary flawless *a capella* precision; then Rick Brookhiser spoke for two minutes and, in domino fashion, introduced Joe Sobran, who introduced Jeff Hart, who introduced Priscilla Buckley, who introduced WFB, who introduced—in customized, hilarious Latin ("Non salutamus Tipus O'Neill. Non salutamus non-presidentabilis Fritz Mondale. Non salutamus SALT II")—John McLaughlin, who introduced the President. Whereupon Mr. Reagan, a charter subscriber, pronounced *NR* to be "splendidly written" and "brilliantly edited," adding, "I honestly believe that even if I were to suffer mental illness or convert to liberalism for some other reason, *NR* would still be my favorite magazine." More on this extravaganza in *NR*'s next issue.

■ The White House takes the view that the recent Algiers meeting of the 350-member Palestinian National Council (PNC) was a political win for Yasir Arafat over the radicals. Besides picking up the bulk of forty new seats voted onto the PNC, and besides maintaining control over the council's Executive Committee, Arafat got tacit authority from the assembly to continue trying to involve the PLO in the Reagan peace plan. Arafat's dilemma is that if he openly supports the Reagan plan, or declares Israel legitimate and sovereign, he will split the PLO down the middle and/or invite Syrian reprisal.

But if the U.S. were to give the Palestinians some political encouragement, whether by stopping Israel from settling the West Bank any further, or by coercing Israel to subordinate its demand for an accord with Lebanon to the withdrawal of its troops, then Arafat would be willing to stretch his Algiers mandate to the point of antagonizing his radicals. President Reagan's candid use of the word "homeland" at his recent breakfast meeting with reporters to describe the Palestinian entity that he wishes on the West Bank, and his description of Israel as an "armed camp" with a disproportionately large military budget and consequent triple-digit inflation, was not lost on the Arab community here or abroad, or on other interested parties.

■ Certain Eastern European countries —notably Yugoslavia, Hungary, and East Germany—are pushing the State Department to convince Vice President Bush to pay them a visit. These Eastern Europeans, so the report goes, want more economic concessions from the U.S., in the form of more open markets. Also, they expect to play off the visits against the Soviet Union.

Many here see such a trip as a sound tactical plus for the United States. First, it would reduce pressure on Western Europe by diminishing the perceived tension between the U.S. and the USSR. Second, Mr. Bush would have the opportunity to acquaint himself personally with the new generation of younger, more pragmatic (allegedly) leaders who will soon take over from the geriatrics currently ruling in so many of those countries. Third, he could use the occasion to make a major statement on Central and Western Europe that would exploit the cruel differences between those nations and the Soviet Union. The Vice President's office sternly denies any such trip is planned—so sternly, in fact, as to leave the impression that the gentleman doth protest too much.

■ On February 7, the *Federal Register* published a proclamation by which the President designated 1983 as "the year of the Bible in the United States." President Reagan correctly noted that, "Of the many influences that have shaped the United States into a distinctive nation and people, none may be said to be more fundamental and enduring than the Bible."

How ironic that, if this proclamation were read today in a public-school classroom, the teacher would probably be arrested. Remember the Kentucky case where the Ten Commandments were posted on a classroom wall, and the Court ruled that praiseworthy act to be a violation of the Constitution? Or the New Jersey case where the Court, in response to an ACLU suit, judged that it was OK to read anything from the *Congressional Record* to public-school students except the invocation? Is there a teacher out there willing to read Presidential Proclamation #5018 to his or her public-school children so that we can once again observe the spectacle of the U.S. courts running riot with the establishment clause, blind to the religious heritage of our nation? Maybe such exposure would be corrective.

—CATO

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has been achieved, tribal warfare is breaking out again—an ominous development for the Zimbabwe "experiment."

■ In a dramatic way, the dynamics of British politics are moving sharply to the right. This may not be a long-term phenomenon, but it is powerfully present in the current phase. Within the Labor Party, the technique of the militant Left has been to seize control of the nominating machinery at the local level. This technique was put to the acid test last week in a London dock district on the south bank of the Thames that Labor had held for sixty years, perhaps the safest Labor seat of all. A young Trotskyist Labor candidate, Peter Tatchell, managed to lose the seat by a large margin to a young lawyer from the new Liberal-Social Democratic Alliance, Simon Hughes. The big loser within the Labor Party was, however, its leader, Michael Foot, a leftist, whose resignation may be in the offing. If Foot resigns, he will be replaced by Denis Healey, well to his right. Margaret Thatcher's Tories enjoy a substantial lead in the opinion polls. The Liberal-Social Democrats are second. England is not Tony Bennland.

■ Spain's new Socialist government under Felipe Gon-

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zález is one of those that claim to find nationalization of industry somewhat passé. Nonetheless, on February 23 it seized 18 banks and more than two hundred other enterprises belonging to the nation's largest private company, Rumasa. The Socialists allege that Rumasa was resisting auditors' probes into possible financial irregularities. Even if these charges prove true, and the Rumasa affair turns out to be an isolated incident, a lot of productive enterprises will presumably be left to rot in the public sector, at least until the next conservative Spanish government comes in. If the charges turn out to be false, the implications are considerably more ominous.

■ Steven Mosher, 34, won't get his doctorate at Stanford. The aspiring anthropologist was in China studying village life when he discovered that the state's population-control program included coerced abortion and even infanticide. He published his findings in a Taiwan news magazine, with a photo he had taken of a young woman, late in her pregnancy, being prepared for an abortion. Though he used an assumed name in signing the article, the Communist regime learned his identity, attacked him, and raised hell with American diplomats and academicians. For reasons unspecified, Stanford expelled Mosher from its doctoral program, effectively ending his academic career. "The people at Stanford believe I should have written in an obscure scholarly journal," he says. "And academics all over the United States have complained that what I did was rocking the boat." All Stanford would say was that Mosher's "unconsidered action" might "foreclose the opportunity of other researchers to carry out research in the same area." And the regime has indeed barred other anthropologists from visiting rural regions until they learn to play ball. Apparently the privilege of learning the truth about China carries with it the responsibility of keeping it secret. It is a grim reflection on academe today that Stanford is ready to sacrifice a young scholar in order to pay this price.

■ Attention lawyers, law students, and political philosophers: are you tired of being told an attack on the Supreme Court is an attack on the Constitution? The Federalist Society for Law & Public Policy Studies, a new group of conservatives and libertarians interested in the current state of the legal order, with chapters at 65 law schools including Harvard, Stanford, the University of Chicago, the University of Washington, Washington & Lee, and Yale, will be holding its second annual symposium next month. The topic: "Judicial Activism: Problems & Responses." Time and place: April 8-10, University of Chicago Law School. Speakers include Judges Robert Bork, Antonin Scalia, and Dallin Oaks, and Solicitor General Rex Lee. Student travel scholarships available. For more information contact David McIntosh, The Federalist Society, University of Chicago Law School, 1111 East 60th Street, Chicago, Ill. 60637; 312-753-2415.

■ England has just expelled about the 1,400th Soviet spy caught in the West since 1945. What with Alger Hiss still appealing *his* conviction, these poor victims of McCarthyism face a hell of a backlog.

■ So big deal, the EPA can't find $50 million or so. Somebody in the agency probably had an unauthorized lunch or something. If we start to worry about petty details, we lose sight of the Big Picture, that the feds are supposed to be spending it faster than we can make it to keep the old economy humming. Now just shut up about it.

Dance and Sing On OPEC's Grave

The best response to the death of OPEC is that of the old ballad: to dance and sing all on its grave for a twelvemonth and a day. While we jubilate, however, we should give thanks to the man who made it all possible, Ronald Reagan. It was his decision to decontrol oil prices that more than anything else put OPEC under the sod.

The figures on crude-oil imports tell the story. In 1980 the United States imported 5.2 million barrels a day, most of it from OPEC countries. By the first quarter of 1982, that figure was down to 3.2 million, a drop of 40 per cent. This was a much bigger cutback than the other major industrial countries achieved: West Germany's oil imports dropped 25 per cent and France's 18 per cent, while Japan's and Italy's stayed about level. The drop in U.S. imports was thus the single biggest factor in the general drop in world demand.

It was also far greater than would have resulted from the world recession alone. Part of it resulted from conservation, and part from higher domestic production, both of which had been discouraged by the previous system of controls. One of the ironies is that prices at the pump rose hardly at all under decontrol—contrary to the dire predictions of the Citizen/Labor Energy Coalition and the other activist groups whose predictions on natural-gas deregulation are currently being taken so seriously.

Perhaps these activist groups secretly agree with the bankers who worry that OPEC's demise will be bad for the world economy. This worry is misplaced: As *The Economist* puts it, cheap oil makes ya' strong. For every borrower like Mexico that sags closer to default, several other borrowers like Brazil are lifted closer to solvency. (Eight of the world's ten leading debtor countries are net importers of oil.) As for any

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system-wide collapse, one Federal Reserve Board governor, quoted by Charles Krauthammer in *The New Republic*, put it this way: "The money would come from all the banks and go to all the banks." And as William Safire points out, the Soviet Union gets more than half its hard-currency earnings from oil sales, which is why it has been urging OPEC to fight to the bitter end to keep prices high—right down, in fact, to the last Arab.

No Jobs like Snow Jobs

You may be wondering what sort of jobs bill it is that the Reagan Administration has endorsed in principle. It has been widely advertised as a mere acceleration of wholesome and useful spending projects, reproachable at most with the sin of bad timing. A closer look at the $4.4-billion package, as passed by the House Appropriations Committee, casts some doubt on that view.

The problems begin with the committee's report on why the bill was passed in the first place. "There is no longer any doubt that the economic situation in this country is bad and, without some change in course, will get worse." So much for staying the course; so much, too, for the abundant evidence that the economy hit bottom in December and is now headed up.

The suspicion that this is just another Democratic spending bill intensifies when we move on to specifics such as the $242 million in new funding for social programs. The Democrats admit quite frankly that this is the sort of spending President Reagan would veto if they sent it through the regular appropriations process. So they labeled it "jobs."

Then there's transportation. Now that highway tax money is available for mass transit—an historic concession the Administration made last year—all the spigots seem to be opening. The flow is fuller, however, in the direction of cities lucky enough to have as one of their representatives a Democrat sitting on the Appropriations Committee. Miami, home of William Lehman, as well as the Rules Committee's inimitable Claude Pepper, gets $18.8 million for parking garages and $15 million for bus facilities. Hartford, Conn., backyard to William Ratchford, gets $6 million for its bus system. Northern Mississippi, where committee chairman Jamie Whitten hails from, has little in the way of mass transit, so it gets a $33-million "demonstration" grant for widening highways, as if that were some arcane enterprise that needed demonstrating.

Infinitely worse are two provisions intended to pave the way for future government bailouts of farmers and mortgaged homeowners. The first would give the Department of Agriculture "$6.5 million for five hundred additional permanent full-time staff at the county-office level for the purpose of handling and supervising loans in an effort to avoid foreclosures." Yes, *permanent*. The second would give the Department of Housing and Urban Development $500,000 to help implement a future program—to be passed by Congress later—to rescue homeowners from pressing mortgages. Implicitly guaranteeing everyone's house payments could prove the wildest, most expensive entitlement program in history—but this little clause was slipped in after almost no public debate.

White House spokesman Larry Speakes said of the bill: "75 per cent of it is OK." We sure don't know which 75 per cent that is.

The Draft and the Campus

The administrations of Yale, Dartmouth, and Princeton have come out, with variations, in opposition to recent legislation linking federal student loans to compliance with the draft-registration law. The position they have taken is ostensibly a principled one, but it is transparently fraudulent.

Mr. Thomas Wright, for example, Princeton's legal counsel, believes that "the 'linkage' between federal support for education and any unrelated issue always causes us very serious concern . . . legislation should not place the university in the role of an enforcement agent." Sounds good at first hearing, but for years Princeton and other institutions have been receiving federal funding as enforcement agents for affirmative-action programs and Title IX. What it boils down to is that the liberal administrators are in favor of affirmative action and unenthusiastic about national defense, and are under constant pressure from Left activists on the faculty.

At Dartmouth, President David McLaughlin announced that if a student forfeited a federal loan by failing to register, the college would ensure that the student received a commercial loan at the usual rates. What this will amount to is a guaranteed loan as a reward for non-compliance with the law, a reward not available to those who do comply.

This whole performance has been an insult to those who since 1776 have risked their lives and fortunes for the sake of the American Republic.

Strengthening The Criminal Code

Legal reform is not one of those issues that greatly excite the political emotions, but it may be one of those that most affect the daily life of all of us. It figured importantly in the 1968 presidential election under the general rubric of "law and order," but then nothing much was heard about it. Ordinary

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crime did not play an important role in the 1972, 1976, or 1980 presidential elections. Recently, however, that theme has started to come into prominence once again. Last year in New York City a record nine thousand residents applied for handgun licenses. *Pace* Jonathan Schell, next to the economy the issue that galvanizes most Americans isn't whether they're going to die in a nuclear holocaust; it's whether they and their wallets are going to make it home together at night. With the economy moving upward, the issue of personal safety looms as one of the key issues in the 1984 elections. Though Ronald Reagan hasn't announced whether he'll run again, he has been moving to make the issue his own.

Addressing the Conservative Political Action Conference in Washington on February 18, Mr. Reagan declared that the government should exercise "its legitimate and constitutional duty to punish career criminals—those who consciously choose to make their living by preying on the innocent." He then explained how the criminal-justice system has come to aid criminals, lavishing special attention on the exclusionary rule, by which evidence obtained in violation of the law cannot be introduced in court.

Reagan told of an incident that took place several years ago in San Bernardino, Calif. Two narcotics agents obtained a legal warrant to search the home of a man and woman they had reason to suspect were peddling heroin. The agents searched the house, but they didn't find anything. On their way out, on a hunch, they turned to a crib—which was in the house—and checked the diaper of the baby in the crib. Indeed, the drugs were stashed on the baby. But the couple still managed to avoid prison. The narcotics agents, the court said, had violated the baby's constitutional rights by not obtaining his consent to be searched.

His Administration, Reagan concluded, has proposed an anti-crime package that would, among other things, correct such perversions of the law by overhauling the criminal forfeiture and sentencing statutes as well as the bail and parole system. The reforms won the overwhelming approval of the Senate last year—95 to 1—but died in a committee of the House of Representatives. Reagan made a strong appeal to those concerned about crime to put pressure on their congressmen to support common-sense reform of the criminal code.

The Dimming of America

It won't happen all of a sudden;
  Like sunsets, the process is slow.
We'll start with occasional brownouts
  When afternoon current is low.
And though the utilities tell us
  All nuclear planning will die,
Jane Fonda is nuts about windmills,
  So give them the old college try.

W. H. VON DREELE

Elections: Germany (And Australia)

As we go to press, the March 6 German elections are very much in the foreground. Since World War II, the United States has defined its vital interests as lying close to the Soviet border, and this means that, in Europe, West Germany is especially critical. Broadly speaking, the March 6 elections are about German neutralism, with the incumbent chancellor, Christian Democrat Helmut Kohl, stressing the postwar policy of close alliance with the U.S., and his challenger, Social Democrat Hans-Jochen Vogel, representing a shifting left-wing coalition of uncertain political compass. The new Green Party, a late-blooming Sixties offshoot, which began with ecology and has ended in the vicinity of Moscow, remains the joker in the electoral deck.

Once again, however, as if on schedule, the Soviets have intervened in a heavy-handed way, and older Germans must long for the subtleties of Joseph Goebbels. In a *Pravda* interview, Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko proclaimed that Germans must make the choice of living "in a peaceful house" or of "serving the purposes of U.S. war doctrine." Gromyko demanded that German voters accept the Soviet proposals on intermediate-range nuclear weapons.

The Soviet news agency Novosti meanwhile insisted that U.S. policy would lead Germany to a "nuclear gallows." All along the line, the propaganda decibels were turned up, aimed at German voters. According to an American report from Moscow, "Diplomats here described Gromyko as unusually blunt in his call for Europeans to assert a more independent line on security issues." Soviet broadcasts went so far as to predict that "social unrest" would occur in West Germany in the event that Kohl won the election.

The Soviet psywar offensive will almost certainly be counterproductive on March 6. Except for the ineffable Greens, all quarters have denounced it as unwarranted interference, but the meaning of it is also clear enough. As Werner Marx, head of the foreign-relations committee of Bonn's parliament, observed, Gromyko had "let the cat out of the bag." The Soviet attempt to use the Geneva talks and the nuclear issue to split the Atlantic Alliance had become obvious to the point of grossness. But it must be said on behalf of the Soviets that they are not accustomed to running elections, and thus miss the subtleties.

Almost opposite Germany on the globe, Australia has an important election one day earlier, March 5.

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Anthony Lewis Is Frantic

The Chinese back Mr. Mugabe.
  Nkomo gets Soviet aid.
The killing's been rather extensive.
  The whites are becoming dismayed.
It isn't like Plato's *Republic*.
  South Africa's terribly smug.
But nothing will stop Mr. Lewis
  From giving Zimbabwe a plug.

W. H. VON DREELE

Voters will choose between Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser, conservative, and Robert Hawke, newly chosen leader of the Labor Party. Fraser's Liberal-National Party coalition has governed Australia for all but three of the past 34 years, which is its largest handicap. The record at the moment includes high inflation and high unemployment. Polls indicate that the vote will be close, but a Labor victory would mean union militancy, and turmoil both in the economy and in foreign policy.

Intractable Disbelief

Wall Street Journal reporter Paul Gigot (formerly with *NR*'s editorial staff), investigating reports of Soviet chemical warfare in Laos and Cambodia, ran into Amos Townsend, a retired Air Force doctor, who has dedicated his life to documenting yellow-rain charges. Dr. Townsend tours the refugee camps on the Thai-Cambodian border and makes occasional forays into Cambodia itself in search of evidence and specimens with which to prove his conviction—and the conviction of the United States Government—that the Russians are experimenting with various chemical weapons in Southeast Asia and in Afghanistan. In the past two years, Dr. Townsend has sent more than a hundred specimens of blood and urine and samples of leaves and plant life to Washington, and twenty of them have shown various amounts of deadly mycotoxins.

The primitive conditions under which he works are not the heaviest cross Dr. Townsend has to bear, reports Gigot. It is the skepticism, disbelief, and cynicism of associates and acquaintances: the British doctor who refuses to help collect specimens because "it is too political"; the Quaker nurse who suspects the U.S. may have planted the evidence of yellow rain to smear the Communists (this in a land where Communists half a dozen years back killed two or three million of their compatriots to enforce doctrinal purity); journalists who fear that documented evidence of Soviet violations of the 1972 Geneva Convention on Biological Warfare will hurt the current Geneva disarmament talks; editorialists capable of writing (*New York Times*): "Reports that the Russians used toxic agents in Afghanistan and Indochina have not been fully confirmed. Besides [get this "besides"], they describe small-scale use against unprotected people in remote areas."

Dr. Townsend wonders, writes Gigot, "if the outcry might be greater if the alleged victims were white and lived in, say, Sweden."

Tracking Kissinger

Henry Kissinger, the master diplomatic technician of the day, has recently been laying out his thoughts on the foreign policy of the second half of Reagan's first term.

In an interview with *The Economist*, Kissinger covered the Middle East, where the prospects "are the best I can remember." The invasion of Lebanon destroyed the military power of the PLO and revealed the hollowness of Soviet and radical Arab rhetoric. Kissinger sees the Administration moving expeditiously to take advantage of the opportunity. Israel's security remains "the key strategic question . . . The Reagan plan must not turn into a device for introducing the PLO in its present form and with its present concepts on the West Bank." But Israel must also let most of the West Bank go, for its own good. "Annexation . . . will sooner or later produce an Arab majority that will destroy the essence of the Jewish state. . . . Israel [could] agree to new lines on the West Bank in return for nonbelligerency and precisely defined steps of normalization." An Arab-run West Bank would be associated with Jordan, from which the next step must come. That was what the meetings between Reagan and King Hussein over the holidays were all about.

In an essay in *Newsweek*, Kissinger considered American-Soviet relations. He dismisses Kremlinological speculations about Andropov's taste in literature and Scotch ("How did the man who headed the Soviet secret police for 15 years suddenly emerge as a closet liberal?"), focusing instead on the "balance of forces," which he sees as problematic for the Soviets. Economic ailments, technological shortcomings, a burgeoning non-Russian population, Poland, Afghanistan, China, Africa ("no breakthrough"), European pacifism offset by "declining Communist strength in France and Spain"—all suggest the Soviets will be compelled to retrench. "They will surely prefer the easier way out, which is to tranquilize us by conciliatory rhetoric while continuing to amass arms. They will try to gain maneuvering room by peace offensives aimed at Europe and a relaxation with China. They will almost surely seek to tempt us with high-level meetings. . . . All this is within our power to prevent." In response, "we should seize every opportu-

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nity to put before them proposals that reflect our definitions of arms control, economic relations, and restrained international conduct." Kissinger mentions, in passing, limited grain sales and a "shift of emphasis to conventional weapons" as specific options.

Kissinger's Soviet diplomacy was not nearly as successful as his Middle Eastern shuttling, and his analysis reflects this. Several of the items he puts on the Soviets' debit side seem rather out of place. How have their shortcomings in technology impeded their arms build-up so far—particularly if we continue to allow them to buy and steal it? The declining French Communists sit in the cabinet, and Spain's new Socialist government is at least nominally committed to easing out of NATO. The Soviets have had no new breakthroughs in Africa, but they haven't yet lost the ones they have made. Ditto Kissinger's remedies. How willing is NATO going to be to make the effort necessary to counterbalance the Soviet Union's 42,500 tanks? He continues, finally, to be unable to resist the temptation to give little drop kicks to right-wing strawmen. "There are some American conservatives who luxuriate in the myth of diabolic Soviet planners implementing a detailed master plan." Detailed? No. Plan? Of course. Kissinger himself summarizes it two paragraphs further on: "Communist ideology has no rationale for *not* exploiting a favorable power balance."

Withal, his basic suggestion—that we take and keep the initiative—is sensible and timely. ("But, comrade, I did not see this in my Jacqueline Susann.")

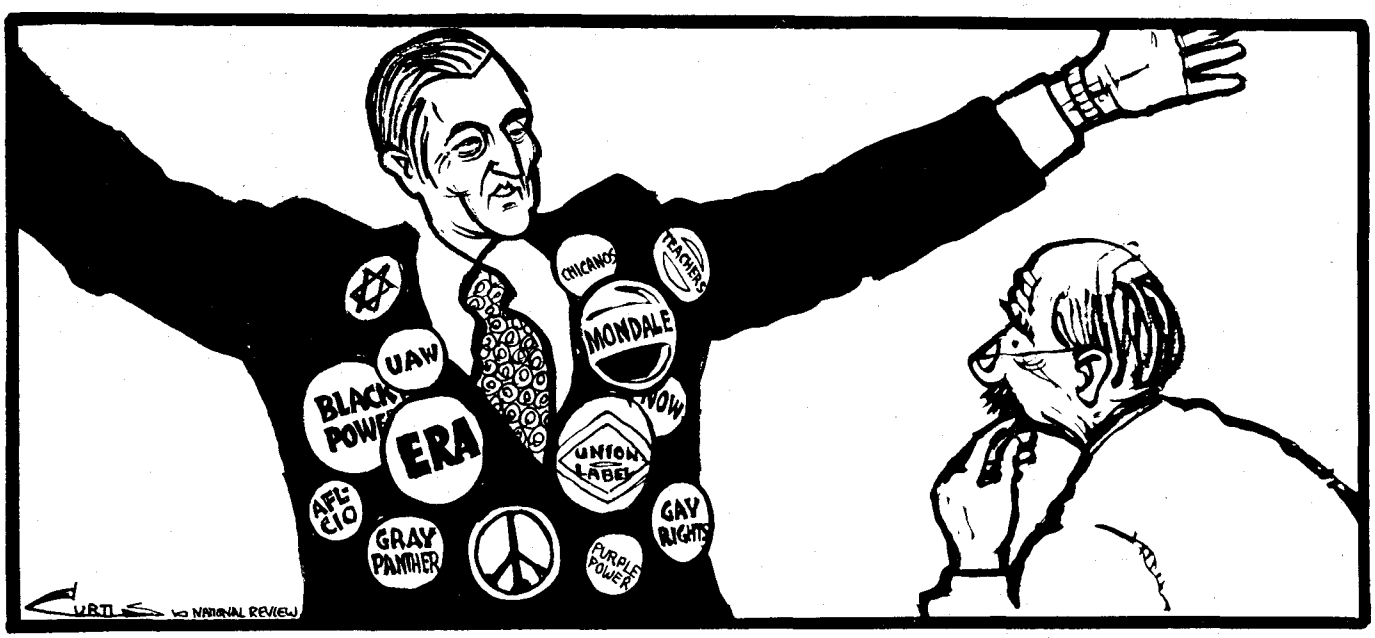
James Burnham Celebrated

"For the great majority of mankind are satisfied with appearances, as though they were realities, and are more often influenced by the things that seem than by those that are." So wrote Machiavelli in his *Discourses*, and his statement might have stood as the epigraph for the entire large *œuvre* of James Burnham's political writing. Burnham has built with striking consistency upon an original set of premises, and his work constitutes a remarkable analysis of political power, both in the American political system and in the world arena.

For his achievement James Burnham was awarded the Medal of Freedom by President Reagan on February 23, 1983, at a White House ceremony.

In a forthcoming issue, *NR* will deal at greater length with various aspects of James Burnham's thought and influence, but it is appropriate to take note here, however briefly, of his distinctive contribution to political thought. In a book published in 1943, *The Machiavellians*, he associated himself with the "realist" tradition in modern political thought, which is correct enough, but in the larger perspective of Western thought he could also—as he often said himself—be identified with the Aristotelian tradition, with its appeal to fact and observation, its empiricism and historicism. Unlike much traditional conservatism in both the past and the present, Burnham's analysis does not appeal to transcendental modes, revelation, natural law, or deductive ethics. It rests on ascertainable fact alone, and it is wary of absolutes as well as false precision. It appeals to "social experience acting through time." Human knowledge is limited to what can be known, however inexactly, from history: "The only evidence available to man is the observation he has made in the past," and the "fundamental law of every genuine science is the postulate that the pattern of what happens in the future will probably resemble that of what has been observed to happen in the past."

On this rigorous foundation, which underlies all of



"You forgot the economy."

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his writing, he built his analysis of the modern state, the American political system, the behavior of elites, the vicissitudes of power, and the conditions necessary if freedom is to survive and prevail.

The Medal of Freedom citation reads: "As a scholar, writer, historian, and philosopher, James Burnham has profoundly affected the way America views itself and the world. Since the 1930s, Mr. Burnham has shaped the thinking of world leaders. His observations have changed society and his writings have become guiding lights in mankind's quest for truth. Freedom, reason, and decency have had few greater champions in this century than James Burnham."

Tennessee Williams, R I P

In 1947, in his introduction to *A Streetcar Named Desire*, he wrote of the dangers of success and "the vacuity of a life without struggle." He cautioned, "Time is short and it doesn't return again. It is slipping away while I write this and while you read it, and the monosyllable of the clock is Loss, Loss, Loss, unless you devote your heart to its opposition."

But he had great strength, and success was not his undoing. Besides his masterpieces, *The Glass Menagerie* and *Streetcar*, he went on to create magic in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, *Summer and Smoke*, *The Rose Tattoo*, *Orpheus Descending*, *Camino Real*, *The Night of the Iguana*, and a number of one-act plays. He was also a fine short-story writer (some of the stories became his best plays), a gifted novelist (*The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone*), a serious poet. His image did not convey the doggedness of an O'Neill, but his output was both prodigious and outstanding.

Then, in the late Sixties, that destructive decade, pills and alcohol evaporated his talents—permanently. Sensitive to criticism, he took out an advertisement in a major newspaper that was a cry of almost suicidal despair. His suffering presence became publicly palpable as he undertook one disastrous play after another, rewriting endlessly. His work became almost self-parody, yet as a man he was not a parody. He retained his dignity, based on the certainty of what he had accomplished.

A young playwright stood before the open casket in Manhattan and said softly to a friend, "I'm not going to say 'the dead man.' In many ways he's still alive." In fact, with his passing, the full measure of his wondrous talent will become more manifest, for only the living plays will be scrutinized. His territory was the post-Civil War South; his deepest command was of character, dialogue, and the vulnerable human heart. After Tennessee's death by swallowing a bottle cap, his brother Dakin responded to *New York Post* columnist Cindy Adams, who suggested that the playwright may have attempted to open the bottle with his teeth, with the comment: "He wasn't Stanley Kowalski, you know, who opened beer bottles that way." But Dakin is wrong. The sensitive playwright of course *was* the macho Kowalski, and all of the other undying characters he created. They came from his soul.

In "Tennessee Williams: A Friendship" (*The Paris Review*, 1981) Dotson Rader wrote:

> Several years ago . . . Tennessee was talking about death, his own, and how he wanted his burial to be. He took a piece of hotel stationery and dictated a codicil to his will, describing a shipboard service that would mark his passing, and, in very great detail, leaving instructions on precisely where in the Gulf of Mexico he wished his body to be consigned to the sea. It is to be exactly the spot where Hart Crane jumped to his death.

He joins the mighty constellation of American writing genius: O'Neill, Wolfe, Hemingway, Crane—wrecked lives given over to the glory of art. "Blow out your candles . . . and so good-bye . . ."

—David Evanier

The Signs Multiply

The rain falls on the window panes
  And all around the town.
It gathers in the gutters, where
  The water trickles down.
On bays and fancy oceanfronts
  The season soon reveals
Boats buoyant on a rising tide,
  Including Tip O'Neill's.

W. H. von Dreele

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Some time past, perhaps as much as two or three years ago, you wrote in the "The Week" section of National Review that (paraphrased from imperfect memory), "I predict that within ten years, articles will appear in various news magazines viewing with alarm the potentially adverse effects of the new, so-called environmentally beneficial sources of energy, e.g., solar, wind, etc."

The enclosed clipping (*Time*, Jan. 10, 1983) suggests that your prediction was much too conservative.

Sincerely,
Glenn C. Stock
Coronado, Calif.

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[From *Time*, Jan. 10: "Sun, wind, and water have all been hailed as cheap, renewable, and benign alternatives to oil, coal, and nuclear plants. Now comes a warning from a bastion of environmentalism, the National Audubon Society, that even ecologically favored, so-called solar sources of energy can have serious drawbacks. . . ."]

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I note in a recent "For the Record" [Dec. 24] that George Will has spotted a new political label: "arch-moderate."

This is not completely original. That excellent news and financial journal from England, *The Economist*, has described its political philosophy as "extreme centrist."

Sincerely,
Michael Kelly
Flint, Mich.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Re: "Invincible ignorance": I have noted for more than a year your frequent use of the reference phrase above. In the issue of October 15, 1982, this happens twice (pages 1248 and 1301). For some time, I have been waiting for the opportunity to draw attention to your partiality to this combination. The thought has occurred to me that it might have some theological association, inasmuch as I have found my vocabulary somewhat enhanced over the years, in regard to religious language, as a result of being among your readers.

My curiosity is prompted by a personal factor. In mid-1980, I was a member of a management team meeting with a group of union representatives to negotiate a contract. Naturally, there were numerous differences of opinion; and on one such occasion, the union president said that I suffered from a condition of "invincible ignorance." The language struck me forcibly at the time, because it was so unlike what I had come to expect of him. Also, he repeated it a few times, causing me to consider if there was some type of union handbook which included that among strong epithets to be used in dealing with such hopelessly intransigent persons as myself.

Then there was that situation in September of 1980, when Dr. Bailey Smith, having been elected president of the Southern Baptist Convention, made a rather controversial statement about the degree of attention that he thought God gave to the prayers of a Jew. You might well recall the fuss that stirred up; and it prompted a rejoinder from Rabbi Marc Tanenbaum, in which he was quoted as having termed these remarks "invincible ignorance." The coincidence, between his use of that phrase and its use by the union leader, made me wonder.

It was shortly thereafter that I began to pick up similar references in your writings. Pray tell, how come?

Sincerely,
Sidney Zecher
Yonkers, N.Y.

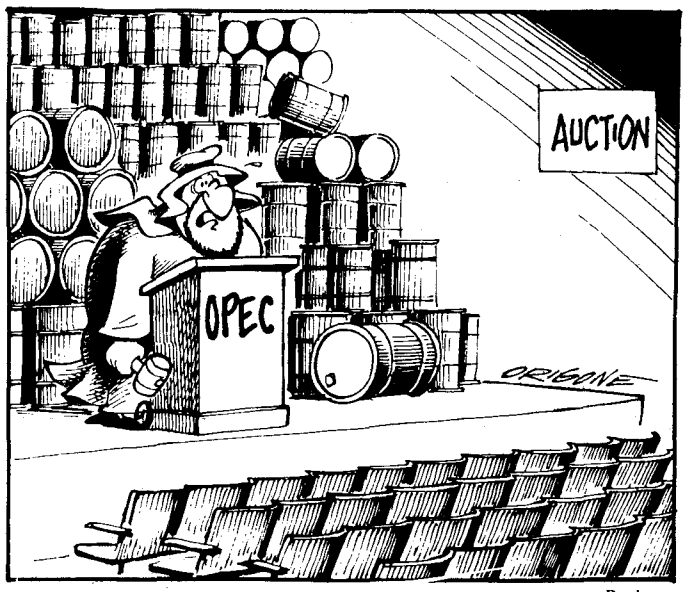
Dear Mr. Zecher: How come? Because the problem is *endemic*. Bear in mind, it is a most charitable construction of the identified difficulty. One definition (*Modern Catholic Dictionary*, John A. Hardon, SJ, New York, Doubleday, 1980): "Lack of knowledge, either of fact or law, for which a person is not morally responsible. This may be due to the difficulty of the object of the knowledge, or scarcity of evidence, or insufficient time or talent in the person, or any other factor for which he is not culpable. (Etym.: Latin *in*, not + *vincibilis*, easily overcome: *invincibilis*.)" Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

The ink on the covers of your magazine smears and gets all over my fingers whenever I read it for any length of time. It is a pain in the neck to have to put on my old working clothes each time I want to read NATIONAL REVIEW. Besides, others may get the wrong idea since I now wash my hands whenever I put the magazine down.

Sincerely,
David Pate
Mobile, Ala.

Dear Mr. Pate: Yours is not the first complaint, but so help me, we are stumped, because our copies come in dry as the Sahara air. Have you tried waiting one day? I grant that is heavy punishment. Stay in touch, and feel free to touch pitch—not, in this case, defiling. Cordially, **—WFB**



Origone, Italy Rothco

"Thirty-three . . . thirty . . . twenty-seven . . ."

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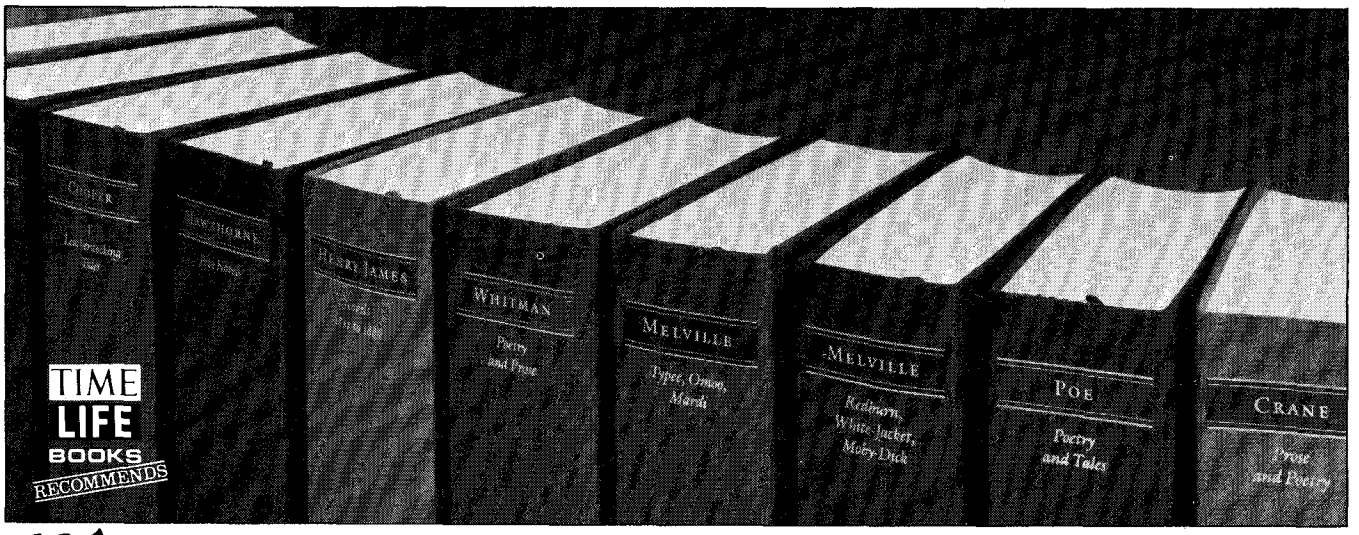

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—*New York Times Book Review*

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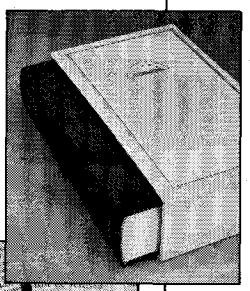

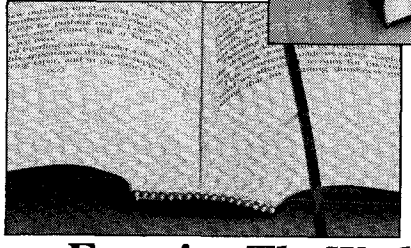

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FROM
Washington

JOHN McLAUGHLIN
Straight

The EPA Debacle

THE Environmental Protection Agency has become Ronald Reagan's political toxic dump, its effluvia threatening to poison the President's expected announcement that he will seek a second term.

There comes a point in the gestation of a political scandal when critical mass is reached. Then the scandal takes on a life of its own, and it grows not gradually but by quantum jumps. This is where we are now with the EPA debacle, say Washington insiders. People wake up in the morning and rush to buy their newspapers for an EPA fix, the way, under Nixon, they had to have their Watergate fix.

Although the people are still confused about the issue, a general impression has taken hold: *Democrats are for clean-up, Republicans are for cover-up.* Talk about Executive privilege may score high with constitutional lawyers, but it comes across to John Q Public as political stonewalling. So Democrats here want a prolonged, "bipartisan" congressional investigation to track down a smoking gun. Given an agency the size of the EPA, and given the wolf-pack mentality that unites Democrats (and some Republicans) on the six Hill committees targeting the EPA, there is little question that some evidence of criminality will be found. Almost everyone in Washington agrees, however, that the main culprit in this sick saga is incompetence.

Under Anne McGill Gorsuch—now Mrs. Robert Burford—the EPA has been afflicted with two principal woes, the first of which is isolation. On her arrival in Washington, Mrs. Burford was intimidated by the city's formidable power centers, so she surrounded herself with people from the Denver circuit, familiars like James Sanderson. These people, in turn, were almost all fanatical ideologues who distrusted anyone outside their own circle, which accounts for the incredible number of top-level EPA hirings, firings, and forced resignations in the areas of policy and planning, enforcement, legal affairs, toxic waste, legislative liaison, and public affairs. The EPA's sacking record under Mrs. Burford is probably unmatched by any government anywhere, even Bolivia's.

The common thread that runs through these chaotic personnel shifts is this: ties to other branches of government. Those officials with ties to the Hill or the White House got the axe. "The inner circle did not consider itself part of the broader Reagan community," one former ranking EPA official told me. "When they talked about Bush, or Meese, or Rollins, or Baker, it was always in tones of contempt. They wanted to run their shop on an exclusive basis, and they shut Gorsuch off from the White House, from senators, congressmen, and governors." Why? "Ideology, ineptness, and insecurity, but mostly insecurity."

THE SECOND EPA problem is more serious: *No agenda for change.* Neither Mrs. Burford nor her EPA staff has changed the process by which regulations come into existence, nor have they evinced any interest even in formulating goals for such change. If that process is left as it is, then the ad-hoc alterations in rules and regulations effected by the Burford regime will be condemned to an early death if and when the liberals regain control, since it is so easy to sweep minor modifications into the gutter. With a change in the regulatory process itself, however, the cost of regulating could be permanently cut, public-health benefits maintained and even increased, and today's endless litigation speeded up.

The collective mindset of the EPA under Mrs. Burford is the offender here, including the mindset of the Director herself. During the first weeks of her tenure, Mrs. Burford was invited to meet with conservative economists at the American Enterprise Institute. Over the past six-plus years, these specialists in regulatory reform had been writing and lecturing on how to achieve conservative goals by changing the regulatory process itself to favor a sophisticated system of economic incentives and disincentives, rather than continuing to use conventional legal and governmental coercion. After the meeting, and after Mrs. Burford had left, there was near-unanimous agreement that the ideas advanced there had either a) gone right over her head, or b) filled her with ennui. In either event, none of these creative people felt any desire to join the EPA.

Mr. Reagan continues (as of this writing) to stand behind Mrs. Burford, apparently in the belief that she favors a fairer shake for the business and industrial community, the pendulum having earlier swung too far in the direction of conservation/preservation. What may not yet have been sufficiently impressed upon the President is that the very people he wishes to help—the business and industrial community—have mostly turned against Mrs. Burford, even before the current skirmish. Like many environmentalists, these businessmen see the EPA as largely staffed with people who lack intellectual substance. Indeed, now that the incompetence scandal is in full flower, they cannot even do business with the tainted agency lest they be accused of sweetheart deals. Hence the EPA is in a state of self-inflicted paralysis.

Mr. Reagan is playing with political dynamite. So far he has been able to keep this bloating scandal at arm's length, but if he temporizes any longer he will be perceived by the public as lacking in decisiveness, and favoring (with Mrs. Burford) polluters who also happen to be, stereotypically, rich—which strikes him at his political Achilles' heel.

Hard-nosed political folk believe Mrs. Burford should go. In her place, they say, the President should install a new EPA director of low profile, high judgment, and Shultzian skills, especially in management, who can deal with the agency's various constituencies, including think-tankers at AEI, Hoover, Heritage, and Sequoia, to revive the EPA's creative juices. The President should target all of his attention on rehabilitating an agency that has lost its luster, and on recapturing the environmental issue from his opponents. □

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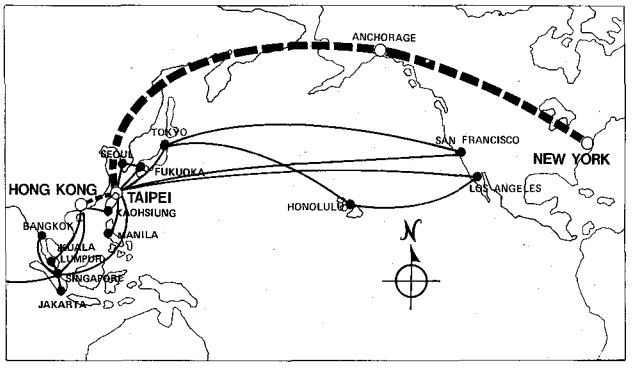

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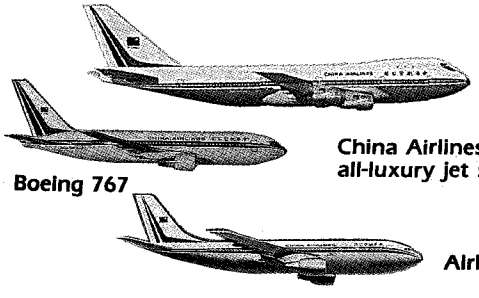

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POLITICAL ECONOMY

Stealth Tax

TOM BETHELL

No doubt you have heard that a lot of government officials in Washington and their supporters in the press would like to undo the indexing provision in the tax code, due to take effect in October 1985. (Indexing adjusts tax brackets to offset inflation. As things stand, higher nominal incomes move us into higher tax brackets, even though purchasing power remains the same.) Indexing is supported by President Reagan and Senator Bob Dole, among others, and opposed by Senators Howard Baker and Pete Domenici, and by the House Democratic leadership.

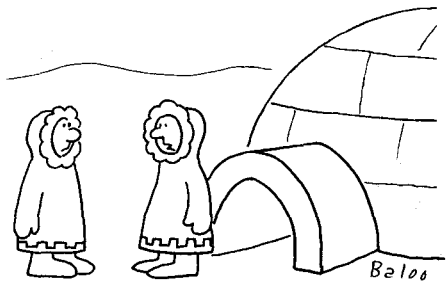
Since indexing merely protects us from non-legislated tax increases, those who oppose it dispense with the sermons and moralizing that normally accompany political advocacy. David Broder, the *Washington Post*'s political editor, who has moved sharply to the left in the past 18 months, wrote one column in which he simply dismissed indexing as "foolish." No argument needed, apparently—just the familiar sneer from the left. The government is about to forgo its opportunity to collect taxes extra-legally? How foolish!

The rationale (hardly an argument) for killing indexing is that the government is "underfunded." (Broder again.) In which case perhaps it should raise taxes explicitly. (It is the prospect of having to do this that makes indexing unpopular with lawmakers; the provision became law in 1981 because it arose suddenly on the agenda and no one could think up an argument against it in time.) But notice the hidden assumption underlying the claim that killing indexing will close the deficit—a claim made by, among others, Representative Rostenkowski, chairman of Ways and Means, a staunch advocate of higher taxes. The assumption is that with tax rates rising ever higher, people will go on working as hard as ever, happily turning over a larger and larger share of their income to the government—a socialist assumption: People will work for the benefit of the collective.

Attempts by incoming Reagan appointees to change this assumption—to forecast that a rising tax burden will produce economic slowdown, a growing underground economy, and declining revenues—encountered howls of outrage from the liberal press and from Establishment Republicans. Pragmatism threatened by ideology! In fact, current econometric theory and practice are rooted in collectivist ideology. Efforts to replace it with a more realistic view of the world have been beaten back.

Some preliminary Treasury figures suggest how false is the ideology embedded in current law. In 1981, the top tax rate on "unearned" income was reduced from 70 to 50 per cent. So what would happen to upper-income tax revenues in 1982? The Office of Management and Budget, under David Stockman, forecast that revenues from quarterly estimated-tax payments (made mostly by upper-income people) would drop from $77 billion to $75 billion. But according to the American Institute for Economic Research revenues increased to $85 billion.

Does anyone remember the Laffer Curve? It's still just as true today, despite all the jeering of the past two years. If you lower the price of something, including government, you will sell more of it. (Liberals think that because government is a monopoly, it can charge what it likes.) Supply-side economics was unpopular, let us remember, not because it was unrealistic but because it laid bare Washington's hidden collectivist assumptions.



"Some nut came by today, collecting for Save-the-Whales."

The American Enterprise Institute's Rudy Penner, who supports indexing, makes a couple of points worth repeating. With bracket creep built into their forecasts, federal budgeters can always show a balanced budget in the years ahead by "predicting" enough inflation. Once assumed, Penner adds, the inflation has a way of showing up on schedule. (But of course the balanced budget does *not*, for reasons explained by Professor Laffer.) With indexing in place, however, the government's dividend from inflation is reduced. True, inflation still erodes government debt—its immemorial function. But indexing does make inflation less appealing, therefore less likely—something not appreciated by those who are looking forward to the government's bailing them out of debt by diluting the currency.

Penner's second point is one that President Reagan might well take up as a rallying cry: indexing the tax brackets helps the working poor and does nothing for the rich. For that reason "it is surprising the liberals are opposed to indexing," Penner says. The point is that people already in the top bracket cannot be hurt by bracket creep. But of course the working poor can be moved up nicely—accorded millionaire status by the taxing authorities. The opposition to indexing on the part of liberals such as Broder does rather sorely test one's faith in their oft-stated "compassion" for "the poor." (Could it be, one wonders, that such people merely invoke the poor the way Lenin invoked the proletariat: as a class that conveniently legitimizes the transfer of power to government? Perish the thought.)

What is clear, however, is that there's a beautiful political opening for Reagan here—the opportunity that he must have long been looking for. He can make a strong appeal on behalf of the working poor, without being open to the charge that he is secretly helping the rich. Recognizing that all of this "bipartisan" talk is nothing but a deft stratagem by the liberal-left to undermine his philosophy, he should also make such an appeal partisan. "The Democrats want to raise your taxes by stealth," Reagan should say, "but I will do everything in my power to see that they don't succeed." That would send them all scurrying back into the wainscoting on Capitol Hill. It is only if President Reagan compromises, on this as on other issues, that he is left without a leg to stand on. □

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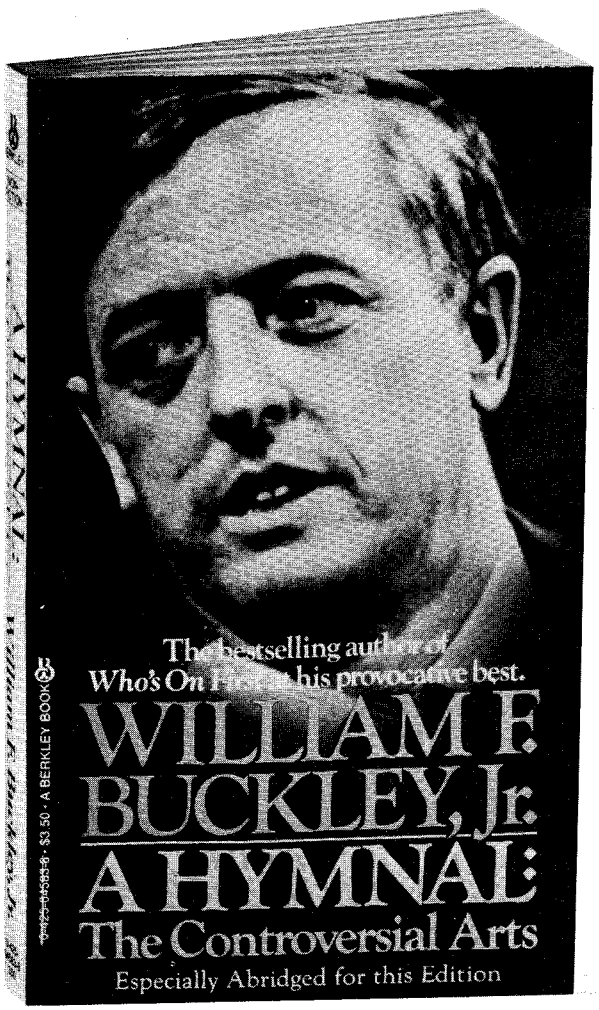

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Back to Basics

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

SOME YEARS AGO, one of America's two most widely read news magazines declined to carry a cover story on the KGB on the grounds that unlike the CIA (which had had several cover stories that year) it was not under indictment. The other day, the other most widely read news magazine, *Time*, did carry a cover story about the KGB, and let me say straightaway that it was, on the whole, good and helpful.

Nevertheless, it managed to perpetrate several stunning political solecisms. I propose to examine them, because the most important problem in world politics is the behavior of the Soviet Union, and it would be reassuring to think a) that the problem is correctly assessed in high places, and b) that the public is correctly informed about it. Present indications are that neither a) nor b) yet applies in the fullest sense.

Exploiting Global Unrest

Example 1. The cover story in question remarks that "the Soviets may not be the initiators of global unrest, but they do their best to exploit it."

Comment. True, and false. Article 28 of the "Brezhnev" Constitution of 1977 makes it a duty to support "the struggle of peoples for national liberation." Sure, the Kremlin will support any such "struggles" that happen to come along, but it also systematically trains guerrilla fighters and terrorists and sends the graduates back to their own countries to foment the kind of unrest it can then exploit.

Example 2. We then read that the KGB keeps its eye on local groups, so that the Politburo may decide which rival faction to back in a regional conflict. Read on: ". . . it may have been because of such careful spadework that the Kremlin was able early on to examine Angola's struggle for independence and predict the winner, a nationalist group called the MPLA."

Comment. This is a real whopper. The fact is that the Soviets started training MPLA terrorists and guerrillas from the start of the Angolan "struggle" in 1961. Long before that, their protégés had set up the MPLA (Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola). To describe the MPLA as "nationalist" is a dangerous half-truth. The point is that it is a Marxist (read, Communist) movement. Its founder, Agostinho Neto, died in mysterious circumstances in Moscow in 1979, while undergoing surgery, although his condition was not considered serious.

The Soviets then replaced him with a more pliable instrument of their will (*vide* Afghanistan), Eduardo dos Santos, who, conveniently, had a Soviet wife. (Ironically, dos Santos has since shed his wife, and he has recently carried out a purge of pro-Soviet elements in his party.) To say that the Politburo picked the MPLA as the likely winner is a grave distortion of the truth. There were other nationalist groups around, but they were anti-Soviet and pro-Western. The Soviets made sure "their" movement won by airlifting twenty thousand Cuban troops to Angola at a time when the U.S. Congress was refusing to allow Henry Kissinger to send arms to the anti-Communists.

Example 3. Still from the cover story: "The KGB can count on considerable help from sister security organizations in the East bloc. After World War II, the KGB organized intelligence networks in all the satellites."

Comment. The second sentence in the quote above is correct: it makes the first sentence absurd. *All* the satellite security and intelligence organizations are closely controlled by the Soviets (with the possible exception, for a time, of the Rumanians').

Example 4. "Some intelligence experts believe that the KGB may have taken direct control of the Cuban security apparatus."

Comment. This is perhaps the most remarkably ignorant statement in the cover story. The facts are these. As early as 1959 a senior KGB officer named Aleksandr Alekseyev, posing as a TASS agency correspondent, arrived in Havana. This was the year of Fidel Castro's victory over the dictator Fulgencio Batista. His mission was to set up a security and intelligence organization for Castro. The outcome was the Dirección General de Inteligencia (DGI).

Despite this promising beginning, Soviet control was not complete until 1968, when the Soviets blockaded Cuba to show Castro that they weren't all that keen on some of his foreign adventures. The pressure worked, as could be seen when Castro supported the Soviet occupation of Czechoslovakia later that year. To please his Soviet masters, Castro thereupon fired all anti-Soviet personnel in the DGI, starting with its then boss, Manuel Piñeiro Losada.

An Important Omission

One is struck also, on reading this otherwise splendid cover story, by the total absence of references to the International Department of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. Let us strip this monster of a title to its bare bones, and call it the ID.

Even today, remarkably few observers seem aware of the crucial role of the ID. Officially (i.e., for Western consumption), the ID merely provides liaison with the non-ruling Communist parties of the world. In reality, the ID is the successor of Lenin's Comintern, founded in 1919 and "dissolved" in 1943 by Stalin. His aim was to reassure such anxious allies as Churchill and Roosevelt that Lenin's plan to extend Communism, Soviet-style, to all countries of the world without exception was dead, a thing of the past. It worked. They were reassured.

In fact, the Comintern was re-created immediately after World War II, as the ID, and appropriately its head today is Boris Ponomarev, 78, who had been a member of the executive committee of the old Comintern. Of all the ID's functions, perhaps the *least* important is liaison with non-ruling parties. The range of other functions is awesome. The ID controls all satellite ruling parties. It supervises the training of terrorists and determines the strategy that the KGB and GRU (military intelligence) execute. Above all, it formulates Soviet foreign policy, which Andrei Gromyko then carries out.

I am not sure that the State Department and some other Western foreign ministries have grasped this crucially important reality. If not, it is time they did. The worst impediment to the elaboration of a relevant Western foreign policy is our old enemy, the ethnocentric syndrome. □

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A Triumph of Philosophy

WILLIAM MURCHISON

"Do me one favor," Phil Gramm said to Ronald Reagan, over long-distance telephone from College Station, Texas to Washington, D.C. "Tell Tip O'Neill and Jim Wright I'm on my way back home."

Replied Reagan to Gramm: "I have a hunch they're hiding under the bed."

And a good place that would be for two Democratic potentates who thought to cow the most uncowable of congressmen—and who failed utterly in the attempt. On Abraham Lincoln's birthday Phil Gramm, for two terms the Democratic congressman from Texas's Sixth District, was re-elected as a Republican, with 55.12 per cent of the vote in a field of eleven.

It was not supposed to have happened that way. On the opening day of the new Congress, Wright and O'Neill had sought to humiliate the maverick congressman by getting him kicked off the House Budget Committee. This was in retribution for persistent—worse yet, successful—collaboration with congressmen of the Republican faith. Lo and behold, two days later Gramm announced that he had had it with a party that impinged on the consciences of conservatives. He washed his hands of the Democrats; he would henceforth be a Republican.

But that was far from all. Though he had been re-elected just two months previously, Gramm felt the voters of his district deserved the right to decide whether they wished Republican representation in Congress. Hence he would resign his seat and face a new election. If the voters wanted him back in Washington, great; if not, he would find other employment.

The double decision—to change parties and resign—was a characteristic Grammian enterprise, compounded of roughly equal parts of idealism and studied weighing of the risks.

No more forceful conservative than Gramm patrols the Capitol corridors, on perpetual alert for crimes against the profit motive. Consequently, and considering what the Democratic Party has

become, and by whom it's led, Gramm's natural home was always the Republican Party. But the Sixth District of Texas,* rural and conservative, was hard-shell Democratic. A change of parties without exceptional cause might well cost the congressman his political life. It was, in the event, Tip O'Neill and Jim Wright who provided the cause, in so ham-handed a way as to make of Gramm a hero rather than a turncoat.

Gramm, a former professor of economics and one of the few congressmen with a thorough understanding of free-enterprise economics, leaped to fame in the spring of 1981, during Ronald Reagan's first Battle of the Budget. With Ohio Republican Delbert L. Latta, Gramm produced the Gramm-Latta budget as a substitute for the handiwork of the Democratic-controlled Budget Committee. Gramm-Latta, with its bigger spending cuts, failed in committee, but Gramm helped get it adopted by the full House. Nor was this the last time he gouged the Democratic leadership in the eye. Gramm was one of three conservative Democrats on the Energy Committee who blocked the budget reconciliation package put forward by chairman John D. Dingell.

The Democrats were furious. Had *they* not put Gramm on the Budget Committee? Then why was he helping Republicans? When David Stockman's infamous *Atlantic Monthly* interview appeared, the Democrats seized delightedly on Stockman's characterization of Gramm as the Administration's "spy" on the Budget Committee. QED.

Gramm was unabashed at the imputation of party disloyalty. If anything, he appeared actually to relish the indignation of the Speaker and the Majority Leader. A computer study for the *Chicago Sun-Times* showed Gramm with the second-"worst" party-loyalty record of any Democrat in 1982. (In first place was Larry McDonald of Georgia; in third, Gramm's fellow Texan, Charles Stenholm.)

Before the first session of the first Reagan Congress had ended, there was talk of expelling Gramm from the Democratic caucus. The talk came to nothing, but Gramm understood that his effectiveness as a Democrat was ended.

Indeed, in the 1982 Democratic primary Jim Wright gave none-too-cryptic encouragement to the candidacy of Jack Teague, the son of Gramm's predecessor, Olin E. "Tiger" Teague. Gramm easily brushed Teague aside in November and was re-elected without, for obvious reasons, Republican opposition.

For months Texas and national Republicans worked for Gramm's conversion. "Come on over, Phil," said Ronald Reagan, in a personal appeal, "the water's fine"—as Gramm certainly knew it to be. But there remained the matter of convincing the voters of the Sixth District of Texas that they would be at least as well served by a Republican as by a Democrat.

Here the help of O'Neill and Wright was indispensable. Made cocky by the political-intellectual-journalistic counterattack on Reaganism, the Democratic leadership determined to make Gramm

*The Sixth Congressional District snakes more than two hundred miles through the heart of Texas, from southern Dallas County to Montgomery County, which borders Harris County (Houston). Notwithstanding its proximity to Dallas proper and to Houston, the district touches neither city. In fact, it contains no large cities at all.

Mr. Murchison, associate editor of the Dallas Morning News, *was born and raised in the Sixth Congressional District of Texas.*

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pay for his sins. He would not be booted out of the party—instead he would be neutered by expulsion from the Budget Committee, where he had won celebrity and influence. Gramm, understanding what was afoot, began laying his plans. Well before Christmas, he had determined the course he would take—to ask that the Sixth District choose between Tip O'Neill and himself. It was shrewd strategy. By coming down on Gramm with all their might, the Democrats would appear to be the aggressors, the congressman the victim—and over an issue, government spending, where Gramm was probably more in tune with his district than was the Democratic leadership. Given two years, the Democrats could gear up a deadly campaign against him; re-elected at the outset of his Republican career, he would have his foes on the defensive. Outgoing Republican Governor William P. Clements could be counted on to call an early election, wherein Gramm, by virtue of money and martyrdom, might expect to do well.

On January 3, the Democratic leadership did exactly as expected. It tossed Brer Rabbit into the brier patch.

The new Republican ex-congressman had no dearth of competition. Nine Democrats and a Libertarian promptly filed for the seat. Of Gramm's ten opponents one was seasoned and accordingly taken seriously, former State Representative Dan Kubiak, from a county just outside the Sixth District's boundaries; one was more than usually thoughtful, Libertarian attorney H. Martin Gibson; one was merely famous, John Henry Faulk, the radio and TV humorist; the rest were entirely negligible.

Faulk, the Sixth District's answer to Alan Cranston, drew media attention disproportionate to his chances—possibly because newsmen kept waiting for him to say something funny. He is not known to have obliged. The nearest he came was calling Gramm "a McCarthy-type fellow"—a rich jest indeed from a comedian who won a famous libel suit over the issue of whether he was blacklisted during the McCarthy years.

To Kubiak went most of the Democratic establishment money—what there was of it. Although eager to rebuke Gramm, the Democrats proved less eager to put up the wherewithal. By early February, Kubiak had raised only $33,000, against the $543,000 that had flowed into Gramm's war chest. To be sure, Kubiak held a pearl of great price—Democratic Party affiliation in a district that had never elected any other species of congressman. The Democratic Party made sure that its members and retainers in the Sixth District were reminded regularly of Gramm's apostasy. Jim Wright himself came down for a fundraiser. Claude Pepper taped radio spots. Former Democratic Governor Dolph Briscoe and most statewide Democratic officeholders stumped the district, hymning the splendors of the Democratic way of life. Establishment Democratic congressmen from neighboring states wrote letters to newspapers in the Sixth District calumniating Gramm.

Less savory campaigners also stalked the district—hecklers and hell-raisers, some of them identified as Kubiak supporters. Gramm was obliged to keep a constant lookout against the possibility of trouble at his rallies.

Not that Gramm suffered from a lack of friends and well-wishers. The first mail delivery after his resignation brought him $26,000 in contributions, 87 per cent of it in checks under $100. All told, he would raise $750,000 from 6,300 individual donors—without signing a single fundraising letter or making one telephone call. The ex-congressman simply exhorted the voters to stand up for him, as he had stood up for them in Washington. As the argument ran, Phil Gramm had sought to be something more than just a conservative—namely, an effective conservative; the leadership, on the other hand, reasoned that conservatives might be seen, but should only infrequently be heard. Of a certainty they weren't to be heard praising Republican policies. As the leadership had framed the choice—party or principle—there was no choice at all.

To all this there was much acquiescence. But could the vote be got out? Here was the critical question. Typically, lower percentages of Republicans than of Democrats participate in non-general elections in Texas; this Gramm knew and, knowing it, feared a marginal turnout in the Houston and Dallas suburbs that are the polar extremes of his far-flung district. In the event, the suburbs turned out a record 25 per cent of eligible voters; Gramm thumpingly carried both counties in question. Nor was it solely on this account that he won. Though the average turnout in the rural, Democratic counties was 50 per cent, Gramm won six of these, including John Henry Faulk's home county; in all but one of the remaining six, he ran closely behind Kubiak (who finished with 39 per cent, against Faulk's 3 per cent).

The once and future congressman was exultant. "This was not a victory of party," he declared, "but a triumph of philosophy"—an assessment as accurate as political assessments ever get. A couple of days later, Gramm was back in Washington to reclaim his seat, as well as the Budget Committee slot thoughtfully left open for him by his new Republican colleagues. Gramm wasted no time in letting his new colleagues know that they too might find him independent: he said there was no way he could go along with the President's call for standby tax increases.

And what is the overarching moral of the tale? It is this, I think: that conservative principle, when presented to the electorate with energy and skill, meets with a happier reward than many have come to suppose. The Gramm example should not be pushed too far. Here a famous incumbent, well armed with money and the tactical advantage of surprise, defeated a Democrat armed with neither. Yet that is not the whole, or even the main, explanation of why Phil Gramm won—and is likely, all things considered, to win again in 1984.

The Gramm campaign seemed to stir the fighting blood of ordinary people whose convictions had been too often trampled on by media savants and political nabobs. Gramm was the anointed champion of these folk. He rode with gleaming armor to the lists, the acclaim of thousands ringing in his ears.

A vignette: On the day after he flung down the gauntlet to Wright and O'Neill, Gramm, having visited the *Dallas Morning News* building, waited outside for a car to pick him up. Half a dozen strangers approached him, shook his hand, felicitated him on standing up to the Washington power structure. It was much like that wherever Gramm went in the Sixth District. He had done what vast numbers wanted someone to do in their behalf—tell the taxers and spenders where to get off.

No, I would not press Gramm's example too far. Texas is not the United States (unhappily for the United States). Yet it may be, nevertheless, that conservatism is far healthier at the grass roots than liberal diagnosticians are wont to admit. □

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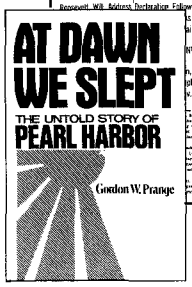

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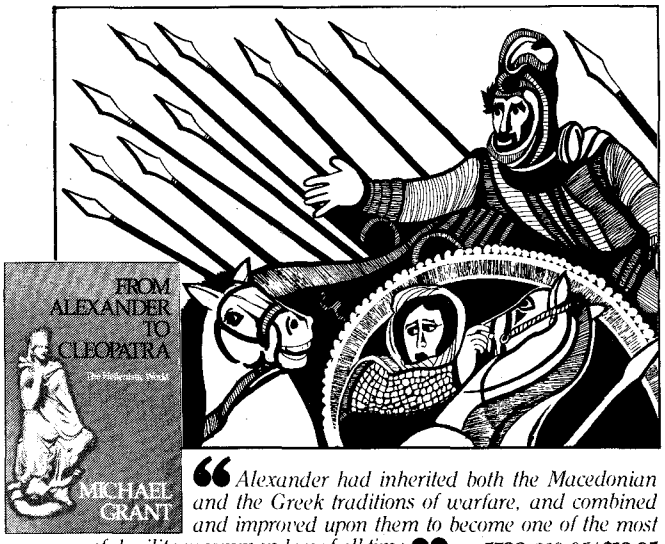

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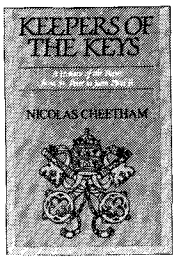

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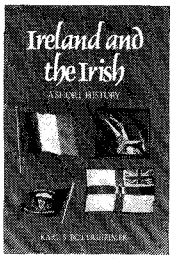

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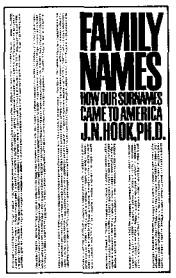

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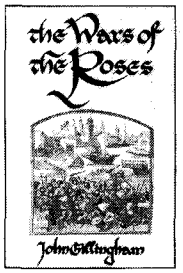

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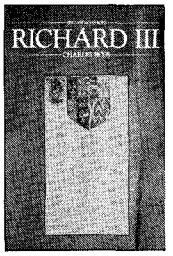

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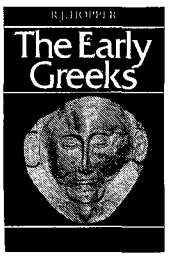

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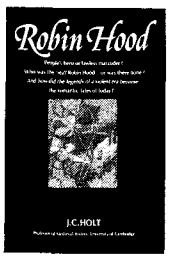

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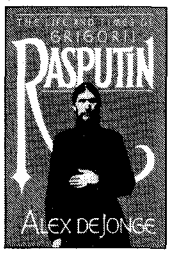

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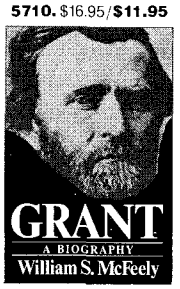

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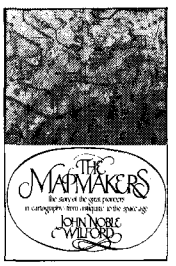

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The Littlest Defector

LUDMILLA THORNE

On July 28, 1982, a shy, neatly dressed teenaged boy appeared before a congressional panel in Washington, D.C., and told a group of congressmen what he had already said countless times to judges, lawyers, psychiatrists, police officers, and social workers: that he didn't want to return to the USSR, and that if he was forced to, he would probably spend the rest of his life in prison.

The boy was 14-year-old Walter Polovchak. Two years before, he had packed up his belongings in a plastic bag and left the home he shared with his family in Chicago, rather than return with his parents to their native Ukraine. The Chicago police, who picked up the runaway child, were directed by the State Department not to return Walter to his family.

Radio Moscow was quick to announce that the boy had been "kidnapped by American authorities." The Polovchak incident became another irritant in the ongoing East-West conflict. But it also touched on sensitive questions of domestic policy, including the issue of parental rights versus the rights of children, conflicts between state and federal law, and the ever-present fear of state intrusion into the "sanctity and privacy" of the family. One side argues that a 12-year-old child belongs with his parents regardless of the circumstances; the other side claims that a "mature minor" can make important decisions relating to his own welfare.

During the past two and a half years the case of the "littlest defector" (as George Will called him) is still tied up in four different courts. The battle rages on, although Walter's parents returned to the Soviet Union more than a year ago.

Michael and Anna Polovchak, aged 41 and 39, arrived in Chicago in January 1980 from Sambir, a small town in the western Ukraine, with their three children, Natalie, 17, Walter, 12, and Michael, five. They were not among the largest category of recent émigrés—Jewish refugees—but rather Christian believers who were to be reunited with the father's two older sisters. In the Soviet Union Michael was a cross-country bus driver and Anna worked in a candy factory.

Within three months of their arrival, Michael Polovchak was talking about returning to the Soviet Union and had begun calling the Soviet Embassy in Washington. He said that his expectations of life in America hadn't been fulfilled. Anna, a docile woman with a seventh-grade education, went along with her husband's decision, but when he told their two older children they were going back, all hell broke loose. "No way," was Natalie's response. The children were going to school, they were learning English and adjusting well to their new lives.

At this point Michael Polovchak was employed at the same valve company as his sister's husband, Dmitri Gusiev, who got him the job. Then, according to Gusiev, Polovchak developed a headache and, soon afterward, a pain in his leg; he left the factory after seven and a half months and didn't work again during the remainder of his time in the United States. By the time he left, he had been out of work for a year, and he was receiving $120 per week in welfare.

"My father thought that in the United States dollars would be falling off trees," Natalie told me. "As for me, from the first day here, I made up my mind that I would never go back to the Soviet Union. Over there, we were told that America is a slave country, and that people are starving in the streets, but when you come here and see everything for yourself, you think—where is all of this misery? They lied to me."

In July of 1980 Natalie moved into the apartment of her cousin, Walter Polowczak, and little Walter insisted on going along. Natalie told him that he couldn't, that he had to remain with his parents. Nonetheless, the next day Walter also left, and joined his sister and cousin. Within a week, on July 21, the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) granted Walter Polovchak federal asylum. Because Natalie was almost 18 years old and had her own Soviet passport, her decision to remain in the United States was not challenged.

Why did you decide not to return to the Soviet Union? I asked Walter, a pensive boy with a sturdy Slavic frame, who looked thoroughly American in faded blue jeans and a T-shirt. He answered in fluent English, amply sprinkled with teenage slang.

"Well, I have more freedom here," he said. "I can believe in God, go to church, and all that. In the Soviet Union, when you go to church, the teacher or someone watches you by the church and next day, when you come to school, you're gonna get in trouble.

"On Christmas Eve the kids were told to come to school

Miss Thorne specializes in Russian subjects. She is director of the Center for Appeals for Freedom at Freedom House, in New York City.

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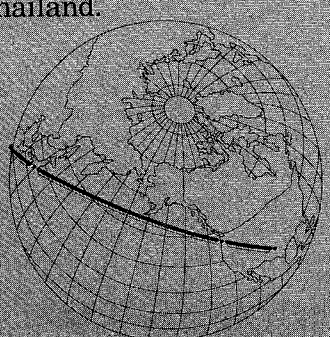

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at six o'clock in the evening and clean their desks, wash the walls and the floors. They did that on purpose, so we couldn't be with our families on Christmas."

Are there other reasons why you didn't want to go back? I asked. "Over there, when you go to a store to buy something," he explained, "you can't get the stuff you want unless you have some friends working behind the counter. You also have to give them extra money, so they'll give you what you want. Over here it isn't like that."

Anything else? I asked. He paused for a moment and then replied: "I can go anywhere I want here, and I don't have to sign any papers. In the Soviet Union you have to get permission if you want to move."

Walter was quick to add that he made the decision not to return to the USSR by himself. "I told my dad I wasn't going," he told me. After the parents arrived in Moscow the government press agency, TASS, repeated the accusation that Walter had been "kidnapped," and Mrs. Polovchak was quoted as saying: "I know that Walter wants to come back home, but he is prevented from doing so . . . they surely poison him with narcotics."

In the United States the boy was processed as a "minor in need of supervision," a term that is usually applied to runaways, and the Juvenile Division of the Cook County Circuit Court declared him a ward of the state. The Illinois Division of the American Civil Liberties Union, which chose to represent the parents, contended that the only reason Walter was not returned to his parents was that they were Soviet citizens. "Runaways are practically always returned to their parents," says Harvey Grossman, the leading spokesman for the Illinois ACLU.

Judge Joseph C. Mooney explained his decision by saying, "The next time, if Walter runs, he may not run to cousin Walter. He may run some place where he will be harmed." At the adjudicatory hearings held July 30 and August 4, 1980 Walter did testify that if he couldn't have gone to his cousin's house, "I would have gone anywhere . . . I would have gone somewhere."

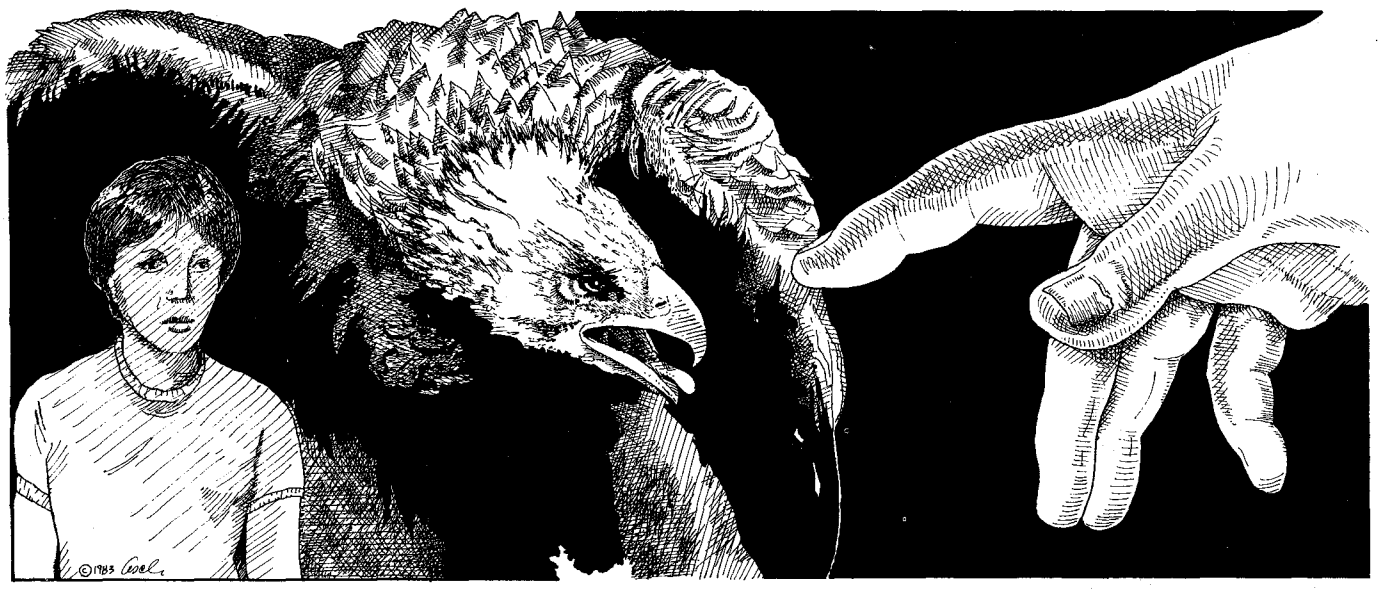
By the end of the two hearings every member of the Polovchak family, two psychiatrists, eight lawyers (representing the parents, the state, Walter's guardian, and Walter), social workers, interpreters, and others had been involved, and nearly three hundred pages of testimony had been taken. Throughout the proceedings Walter maintained that he had left home because he was afraid his father would take him back to the Ukraine.

In December 1981, the Illinois Court of Appeals reversed the juvenile-court ruling, suggesting that custody should have been granted to the parents. The decision was heralded by the ACLU as a victory. The appellate court recognized, however, that the issue of asylum was still an integral part of the affair, which "should be decided by another forum," namely, a federal court.

Walter's two lawyers, Julian Kulas, a prominent attorney in the Chicago Ukrainian community, and Henry Mark Holzer, a professor of law at Brooklyn Law School, have appealed the case to the Illinois Supreme Court. Last October the court decided that it would hear the appeal; the case will probably be argued this month. The two attorneys are offering their services free (although a special fund has now been set up: the Walter Polovchak Defense Fund, Security Savings and Loan Association, 936 North Western Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60622). If Walter Polovchak were a paying client, his legal bill from Messrs. Kulas and Holzer would by now amount to some $250,000. Kulas, who is Ukrainian-born, has also spent more than $25,000 of his own money in out-of-pocket expenses, but says that if he were to drop this lawsuit, he couldn't live with himself. The case has also totally permeated the life of Professor Holzer. "I have an acute concern for individual rights," he says, "and it isn't often that you have a chance to get involved in a case like this, which was even more poignant because it concerned a 12-year-old boy."

If the Illinois Supreme Court upholds the decision to grant custody to the parents, would federal asylum take precedence? Walter's lawyers and the Justice Department contend that it should, suggesting that the supremacy clause of the Constitution prevents a state court from vitiating federal asylum, and that Walter's civil rights would be violated if he were returned to the USSR. The parents, on the other hand, are challenging Walter's asylum and are asking for $200,000 in damages.

The issue of state interference in family life is perhaps the most debated and the most emotional aspect of the Polovchak case. The ACLU's Harvey Grossman sees the granting of asylum to a 12-year-old boy as "classical abuse



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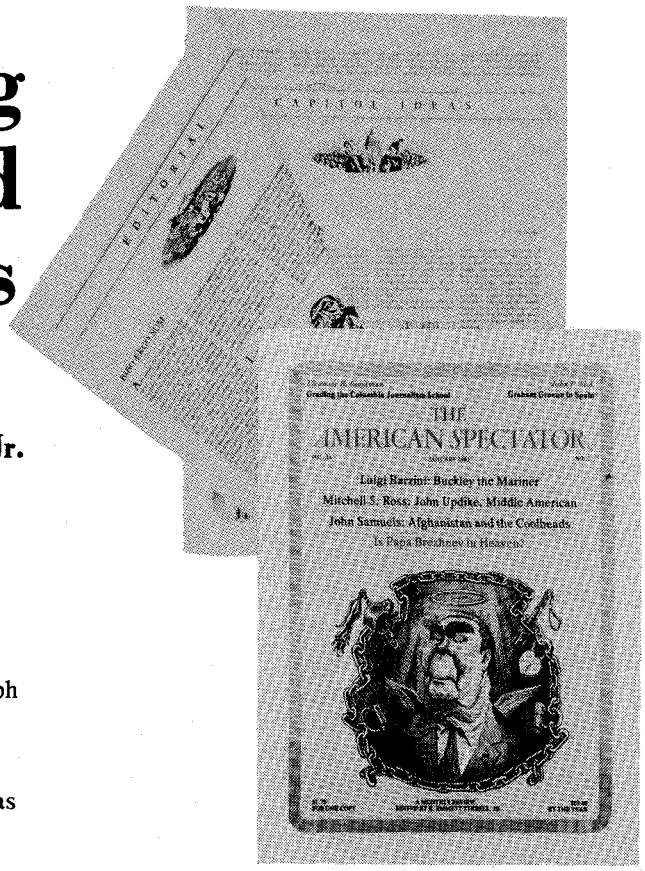
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'We recognize that this is the free world,' says Harvey Grossman of the ACLU. 'But we also believe that there are some interests that are paramount to political or economic considerations in the child-rearing process. There is a parenting function'

of the Federal Government's intervention." He also believes that the fact that Walter was from the Soviet Union played a major role in the decision. "It seems that it all depends on the United States' political stance toward the other country," he says. "Why aren't Haitian or Nicaraguan refugees given speedy asylum by the Federal Government?"

Grossman's interpretation of the government's role in Walter's case is not shared by all ACLU representatives. In response to a *New York Times* editorial which asserted that "government officials have no business intervening in family life," Harriet F. Pilpel, a general counsel of the ACLU and vice chairman of its National Advisory Council, pointed out in a letter published in the *Times* on January 20, 1982 that during the past 15 years various courts and legislatures, and the Supreme Court, have clearly established the concept that children do have rights of their own. "The Polovchak case must be viewed against this factual and legal background," she stated, "and not against the wishful thinking on the part of the *Times*. . . . Where the parents act in a manner detrimental to the best interests of the child," she continued, ". . . the government will step in to protect the child. That's neither new nor political posturing—it's the only rule that a nation committed to the promotion of basic human rights even for children can follow."

But did Walter Polovchak, at age 12, really understand the meaning of asylum? Should asylum indeed have been granted? Holzer's response is short and to the point: "Anyone who is old enough to ask for asylum is old enough to get it." In Harvey Grossman's contrary opinion, "Walter could never articulate political distinctions." A federal court will have to decide. Perhaps that's the bottom line of this unique case, which will undoubtedly set a precedent for other minors seeking haven in the United States.

There is another precedent-setting aspect to the Polovchak affair. Whereas the courts have ruled that people have a right to asylum—as dramatized by the granting of this privilege to Russian ballet dancers and other luminaries—the narrow question here is, What are a minor's rights in applying for asylum when he has living parents? "And the answer is," says Holzer, "that nobody knows, because the court has never said."

Harvey Grossman holds that the initial asylum proceedings, having been conducted without consulting Walter's parents, had no right to be heard or to seek judicial review. In Holzer's opinion, an overwhelming argument can be made that nobody's consent is required, except the person who is applying for asylum, "given the very nature of asylum, the exigency, the urgency. It's not the kind of decision you could put in somebody else's hands," he says, "even under the circumstances of a minor."

A lurking issue in the Polovchak case is the question of parental abuse, although this case has not been formally treated as a case of child neglect. But it does relate to the pivotal concept of "what is in the best interests of the child" —to remain with the parents or not.

"We observed the Polovchaks with their younger son, Michael," says Grossman. "They were not abusive parents." Julian Kulas asserts that the parents were abusive toward Walter and Natalie both in the Ukraine and in Chicago. "We found that Walter needed glasses very badly, he could barely read, and it wasn't until after he left his home that the state of Illinois provided glasses for him. We also noticed that both Walter and Natalie needed extensive dental care. And as you know, in the Soviet Union, dental care is free. All the father had to do was take his children by the hand and bring them to a dental office."

During court proceedings Kulas asked Mr. Polovchak whether he had ever taken Walter to a movie, and the father said, "Oh no, movies are provided by the state." When he was asked whether he had ever seen his son play soccer, for Walter is a good soccer player and was on a local team, Michael Polovchak replied that he was too busy. "It's true that Michael is Walter's biological father," says Kulas, "but I don't believe that there was really a father-son relationship." "I was never close to my father," Walter told me. "In the Ukraine I saw him only once or twice a week, and here it wasn't too different."

There are numerous other indications that the parents' attitude toward the two older children was less than caring. Natalie told me, for instance, that even though both parents were working soon after they arrived, they didn't give her or Walter any lunch money or carfare. "Our aunt in California sent us each $25 every month," she said, "but often this wasn't enough." Both parents used to ask her: "Why are you going to school instead of earning your own money?"

Professor Holzer insists that the very fact that the parents wanted to take their child back to the Soviet Union against his will is *per se* abusive, "given the country's track record, in terms of the rights that don't exist, the Gulag, the repressions, and the lack of free speech and all the other things which the ACLU purportedly values so highly."

"We recognize that this is the free world," says Harvey Grossman. "But we also believe that there are some interests that are paramount to political or economic considerations in the child-rearing process. There is a parenting function. The total needs of a child must be considered, and age is a critical question."

"He's saying that people who are older have a greater right to be free than children, who are younger," Holzer replies. "All he's saying is that the right of a child to be free can be made subject to his parents' desire to return him to a dictatorship. Would the ACLU defend the rights of par-

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ents who wanted to take their child back to South Africa, Cambodia, or Jonestown?"

"Obviously, people who may return to totalitarian or authoritarian regimes will live with less freedom," says Grossman, "but I don't think that we as a country can follow a policy that says that whenever we want to, we can take your kid."

"The United States or the state of Illinois did not take Walter," says Holzer. "Walter left. Walter defected. He wanted to be free, and he enlisted the United States Government's help to be a free boy and, eventually, a free man. So nobody took him. And I'm proud that our government, unlike its action with Simas Kudirka, the Lithuanian seaman who tried to defect, didn't throw this little boy back into the water and condemn him to a life of slavery."

Julian Kulas recently added a new twist to the Polovchak story by revealing that at the very beginning, the father wanted to leave the family in the United States and return to the USSR alone. He asked Kulas to give him a document showing that the children were being taken from him, which he could present to the Soviet Embassy and then get a Soviet visa. Polovchak also told his daughter that he wanted to go back by himself.

Julian Kulas's hypothesis is that when Polovchak applied at the Soviet Embassy for a visa, Soviet officials felt it would look very bad if he were to go back by himself. "After all, what would people say over there, if the United States was such a bad place to live, and the family didn't return?" There are many indications that, after that, Soviet authorities put tremendous pressure on Polovchak to take the entire family back to the USSR, and that is why he went to the Chicago police and asked that his son be forced to come home. He told Natalie that the Soviet Embassy was paying for the family's telephone, presumably to keep in closer contact. "Let them pay for it," he said. "I'm not working, I can't pay."

Mr. Kulas would not discuss why the father wanted to go back alone, only saying that his reasons were "very selfish." Kulas added that if and when there should ever be a trial, he and Holzer would explain the reasons and produce evidence as to what was in the boy's best interest, what awaited him back in the USSR, and the fitness of his parents as parents.

One possible motive for the father's desire to leave alone slipped out when both Natalie and Walter casually told me that their father had a girlfriend back home. "He brought a picture of her to America," said Walter, "but then my mother ripped it up and threw it in the garbage pail. We should have kept it!" Natalie added that in Sambir she used to go downtown and see the girlfriend wearing her favorite clothes, the ones that her aunts had sent her. "My sweaters and dresses would suddenly disappear and then appear on her." A Polish shop owner in Chicago told me that "Polovchak got three letters from his lady friend in the Ukraine in care of my store, but then I told him not to use my address any more."

The image of the Polovchaks' life in Chicago which emerges from Harvey Grossman's description and from Michael Polovchak's statement is that from the very beginning, the Polovchaks were ostracized by the Ukrainian community, in part because they were Eastern Rite Catholics and most of their relatives were Baptists, in part because, in Grossman's words, "they had bad adaptive skills," and in part because they were living in a Polish and Latino neighborhood, instead of in the Ukrainian section.

However, a vastly different picture emerges from lengthy conversations with the Polovchak children, their relatives, and Ukrainian community leaders. Dr. Pawlo Turula, secretary of the Ukrainian Social Services Bureau, told me that friends had brought the family clothes, food, and presents. And when Mr. Polovchak reported to Turula that his younger son, Michael, was treated badly at school, Turula made arrangements for the boy to attend a private Ukrainian school for free. He also offered Polovchak his choice of two apartments in the northwestern part of town, the heart of the Ukrainian section. "However, he didn't even want to look at the apartment," says Turula, "but simply kept repeating, 'I cannot move here,' as if he were under someone else's instructions." ⟶

Excerpts from a letter from Natalia Solzhenitsyn to Henry Mark Holzer, lawyer for Walter Polovchak.

I never would have believed that adults living on our planet in the twentieth century might seriously consider the possibility of returning the boy to the USSR against his will. After all, this is not a puppy, not a kitten, this is a being possessing a soul—and it is precisely to his soul, to his free will, that the enslaving government of the USSR is laying claim.

It is easy to object that, in principle, a rational society should not support the rebellion of children against their parents. I myself consider that the family might well be the most important structure of society. The family is precisely that instrument which most effectively hands down tradition from generation to generation.

But all these considerations make sense only for those societies where the family is at least partially independent of the state. In the USSR for many decades the family has been deprived of its rights. Consider how many times the state has taken children away from their parents —for example, because of religious education. In case of divorce, a spouse who was able to prove that the other spouse was not 100 per cent loyal to Soviet ideology would receive rights to the child without any consideration as to which parent the child would be better off with. Walter Polovchak is old enough to constitute of and by himself an "ideological danger" for our schizophrenic Communists. He *himself* saw American life, he *himself* preferred it to Soviet life —that is to say, if Walter were deported to the USSR the authorities there would never allow him to mingle with other people and tell them of his experience, for he is a "bearer of the enemy's ideology." He will have a choice: to be placed behind bars or "repent" publicly and degrade himself—which is the equivalent of spiritual suicide. Is it really possible that judges can be found in America who will send a child away to make such a choice? I can imagine what is going on in the soul of an adolescent *who knows* what awaits him on that side and who does not have the strength to prevent that horror.

I am convinced that America herself, no less than the Polovchak boy, needs to make the correct decision.

May God bless your efforts,

In friendship,
Natalia Solzhenitsyn

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'The United States or the state of Illinois did not take Walter,' says Henry Mark Holzer. 'Walter left. Walter defected. He wanted to be free, and he enlisted the United States Government's help to be a free boy'

Turula described Polovchak as an "explosive" person, somewhat unbalanced. "One time, he physically attacked me, screaming that I was helping Kulas deprive him of his son. Anna had to pull him away. And when he saw journalists waiting for him he burst into tears."

When the Polovchaks finally left the United States, a year after Natalie and Walter had moved out, they didn't inform the two children of their departure, and they didn't say good-bye. Natalie found out about it by watching the news. "I turned on the television, and saw my parents in the Soviet Union, holding a flower. I couldn't believe it! I turned to another channel and saw the same thing. It really upset me. They left without even saying *good-bye*?"

Walter was in summer camp in Wisconsin when he was informed that his parents had left. "I was shocked, because they were lying to me," he told me. "They said they were moving to another apartment, but they moved back to the USSR. My parents didn't really care about me. First they wanted to take me back, and then they didn't even want to say good-bye."

At present Natalie is sharing a modest, well-kept apartment with her cousin, and Walter lives with a Ukrainian-speaking foster family eight blocks away. They see each other a great deal, and do things together, like a family. Still, Walter's life is unsettled. He is living in limbo, on borrowed time. Walter would like to be with his aunt and her husband in California, but as long as he is a ward of the state of Illinois, he can't move there. "Some day, I'd like to have some parents," he told me.

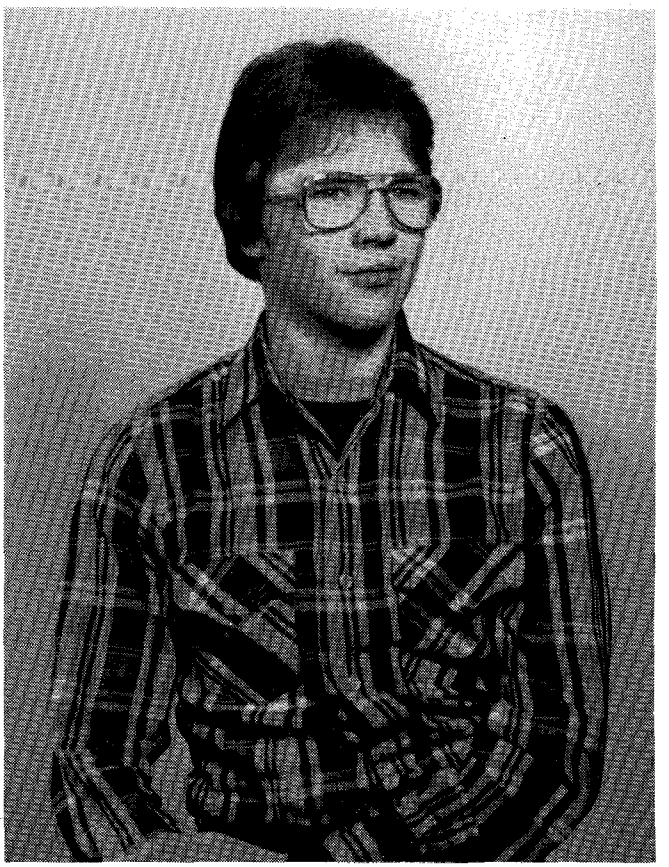
Natalie hopes to become a nurse, but for the moment she works in a grocery store, to help support herself. She and Walter both have permanent U.S. residency, and in January of 1982 the Justice Department issued a departure control order, which would make it practically impossible for anyone to take Walter out of the country against his will.

Should he be forced to return to the Soviet Union, "he will eventually end up either in prison, or as a suicide," I was told by Simona Pipko, a lawyer from the Soviet Union who specialized in juvenile law. She said that there would surely be a public condemnation of Walter, arranged by either the Komsomol (Communist Youth League) or the regional Party committee, and he would always be a marked man. "They will never forget or forgive what he did and said here," she stated. "They will also do everything possible to shake Walter's belief in God, and, eventually, they may force him to renounce his faith." In a letter sent to Professor Holzer [excerpted above], Natalia Solzhenitsyn added that if Walter were forced to repent publicly and degrade himself, it would be "the equivalent of spiritual suicide." Mrs. Pipko concluded: "A 15-year-old boy will not be able to put up a struggle against a 65-year-old ideological machine. His life will be unbearable."

Dina Kaminskaya, who practiced law in the USSR for 37 years before emigrating to the United States, and who defended such prominent dissidents as Vladimir Bukovsky, added that Walter could wind up in a children's re-education colony for "anti-Soviet behavior." She explained that in the Soviet Union minors who are repeatedly unruly can be sent to such places by special district-level commissions composed of teachers, policemen, and ordinary citizens, even against the wishes of their parents. And often the facilities are far away from the children's home towns. It is most certain that Walter would not be able to acquire a higher education, and once he returned to the Soviet Union he would never be able to come back. Moving to the USSR is not like moving to another city, another state, even another ordinary country.

Harvey Grossman asserts that the ACLU's objective "has been and continues to be the reunification of the family. If and when the government is ever out of this situation, that

(Continues on page 341)



Walter Polovchak today

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LATIN/GREEK INSTITUTE

The Classics Alive

RICHARD BROOKHISER

"THERE YOU WERE," wrote George Orwell unfondly of the Edwardian era, "in a world of pedants, clergymen, and golfers . . . and your dull-witted schoolmasters sniggering over their Latin tags." That was eighty years ago. Today, the schoolmasters at the Latin/Greek Institute of the City University of New York are the opposite of dull-witted, and they do not indulge in tag-sniggering. There isn't time. They offer a simple bargain. They will teach you two years of Latin or Greek from scratch in one summer, if you surrender ten weeks of your life. "No student," the catalogue warns, "should enroll who has *any other* commitment for the summer, e.g., term papers, job, family problems, etc." Love that "etc."

The Mephistopheles of the program is Floyd L. Moreland—a passionate young classicist, pushing forty, with the energy of four men. Moreland helped devise the methods he now employs while at Berkeley in 1967. In 1973, he brought them to Brooklyn College, which runs the program in collaboration with the City University Graduate Center.

Moreland believes in outrageous demands and total moral support. Classes run Monday through Friday, from 9:30 to 4:00; there are daily quizzes and weekly exams. Mornings are taken up with seminars, ten students per teacher; afternoons consist of lectures. There are four to six hours of homework every night, and every teacher is on 24-hour call. "I sleep with all the books by my bed," Moreland says. The Institute hums like the innards of a well-tuned piano.

After nine class days, the basic Latin students start reading Catullus. In five weeks, they begin Cicero (*First Oration against Catiline*), Einhard (*Life of Charlemagne*), Vergil (Book IV of the *Aeneid*), and prose composition. They will also do an elective on the *Eclogues*, the *Metamorphoses*, Tacitus, or St. Augustine. The Greek beginners spend six weeks on grammar, then go on to Plato, Euripides, and an elective on Homer, Thucydides, Aristotle, or a Gospel. The advanced courses (which last only seven weeks) focused last summer on Horace and Plato; in 1983, they will deal with drama. (The application deadline is May 27 for the basic courses, June 6 for the advanced. Write to the Graduate Center, 33 West 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036.)

Karen-Edis Barzman survived the basic Latin course in 1978, and came back last summer as a tutor. "It was the most exhilarating experience of my life. An intellectual high." When she returned to Bryn Mawr, "they were amazed." Miss Barzman showed this near-monoglot (two vanished years of German; ten fading years of French) around.

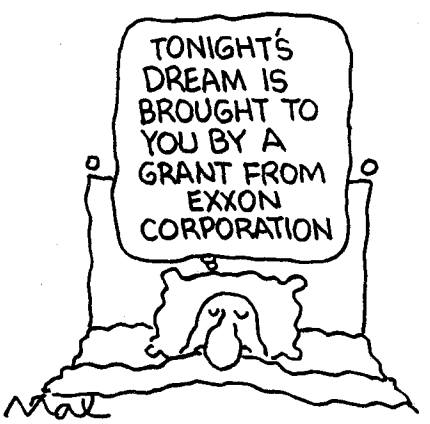
"What is the *quam* doing there, Richard?"

"There are so many ablatives here, which is the ablative absolute?"

"Watch out for subscripts; if it looks like a flyspeck on the page, ask."

"They have to make a temporary lifestyle compromise," Karen-Edis admits. "Or go out with one of their peers here and talk about optatives." During her summer, there was a married couple, suffering together. There was also a merchant seaman, who read about the Institute in *NR* ("From the Academy," May 26, 1978), and decided a good stiff dose of Latin would be just the thing. Greetings from all to John Sullivan.

There are fifty-some students this time around in each of the basic courses; a dozen in each of the advanced. At lunch time, they emerge (briefly). Why are they here?



"I teach philosophy, and my Greek was weak."

"I wanted to save time I could use to learn Sanskrit."

"I took the basic course three years ago. Every academic program since seemed dull. I wanted to get rewired."

"To study early Christian theology."

"To study medieval history."

"To study Greek and Roman art."

"It's a good way to meet girls." (Just kidding.)

Time?

"There's no time to do the laundry. No time to shop."

"To read the newspaper."

You haven't heard about the war between France and Germany then?

"We know about the Persian Wars."

"There isn't one dream now without a word of Latin in it."

"I'll dream and wonder if I've been dreaming *correctly*."

"Do you have Latin?"

No.

"Take the course."

WHY IS Floyd Moreland here? There are practical reasons. "Latin," says Moreland, "has to be studied analytically," and studying it hones the powers of analysis. In 1980, the SAT scores—math and verbal—of those also taking the Latin achievement test were more than a hundred points above average. Teachers at Brooklyn College are finding that backward students do significantly better when their remedial courses include simple Latin.

But the main reason is cultural. "Classical languages give access to the classics." And the classics—Hector's death, and Socrates' defense; Dido's grief, and Lesbia's sparrow; the confessions of Augustine, and the Gospel of John—are ourselves.

"There are those," wrote T. S. Eliot ("The Classics and the Man of Letters"), "who do not believe that literature is a matter of any great importance. . . . There are those who, immersed perhaps in the immense difficulties of providing education to the whole nation, consider this extra problem less urgent. . . . And finally, there are those who want so new a world that they even welcome the prospect of a breach of continuity." "Our field," says Moreland, "was dying in the age of relevance."

Relevance won't die so easily. But the classics thrive under Professor Moreland's care. □

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THE OVERHEAD PROBLEM

Saving Science And Saving Money

MICHAEL S. GAZZANIGA

PERHAPS NO federal tax dollars are better spent than the dollars that go to federally funded scientific research. Now that the nation is in a mood to cut all federal spending, it is time for basic research scientists to expose the administrative sleight-of-hand that has bloated the science bill for years. By offering the appropriate corrections to present policy, scientists and educators could show a reluctant Administration that critical, high-quality basic research can continue in America at a lower cost.

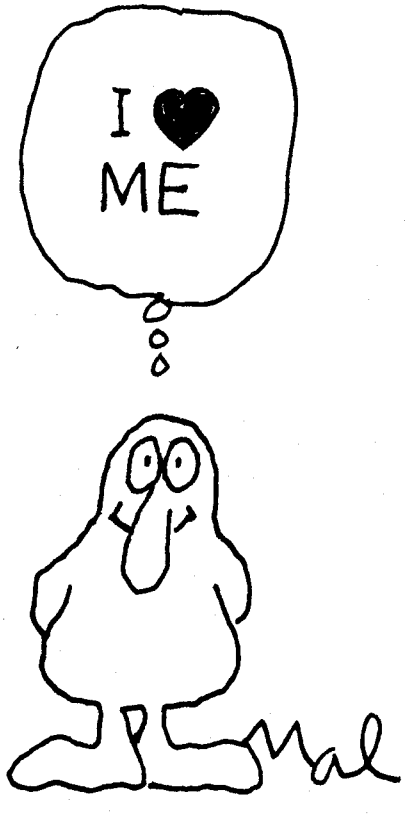
The central problem is the so-called "overhead charge" made by grant-seeking institutions. For example, if a scientist applies for and receives a grant of $100,000 for direct costs—to pay for salary, research equipment and supplies, office costs, and all the rest—the *institution*, not the scientist, will receive an *additional* $30,000 to $100,000, depending on prior arrangements it has made with the government. On the average, this inflates the cost of research by over 50 per cent, and wrongly represents the scientific enterprise as costing more than it actually does.

The Sputnik Overhead

These additional charges, which scientists have carried on their backs for more than 25 years, typically go to support nonscientific activities at the average American university. Most working scientists would be appalled to learn how the overhead money is distributed: these funds support everything from freeway off-ramps to quasi-intellectual programs. In effect, scientists have been burdened with the task of raising funds for administrators who would find it nearly impossible to raise the money for these programs directly.

The practice of giving out overhead money started in the post-Sputnik era. Universities were not equipped to handle the massive expansion of scientific facilities suddenly demanded of them. They rightly insisted that the Federal Government underwrite the maintenance and some of the construction costs of the new facilities. Once the system was launched, however, the universities transferred the costs of maintenance to their regular operating budget.

Meanwhile, as soon as it became clear that scientists were potential money-makers for their schools, the administrators demanded more and more overhead funds. Consider how overhead charges can generate extra cash. Scientist A applies for and receives a federal grant for research activities carried on in Lab B. The overhead charges purportedly cover the costs of maintaining this lab (heat, light, rent, etc.). Scientist A then applies for a concurrent grant for another idea. That grant too is awarded, and to no one's surprise the work is carried out in the same space. But the new grant also has an overhead allowance, so the university now receives double income for the same space. It is common; it happens everywhere. University officials will deny it, but it's true.



To correct this abuse, overhead charges should be separated from scientific costs. If this means a cutback in other programs at universities, so be it. If the other programs do not have enough independent merit to receive their own funding, then they should be dropped. At a minimum, the National Institutes of Health (NIH), the National Science Foundation (NSF), and other government agencies could allow a flat overhead rate of approximately 10 to 20 per cent. This would honestly reflect the costs of maintaining the labs. Such a policy could increase actual dollars going to research and simultaneously produce the 12 per cent reduction sought by the Administration.

Less Is More

Take, for example, the budget of the National Institutes of Health, which was approximately $3.2 billion in 1981. Roughly $1 billion of that was spent by the huge complex in Maryland for its own operation, and $2.2 billion went for research programs in the rest of the country. Of that $2.2 billion, approximately $1.1 billion was for the overhead and administrative costs of running the grant program. A 12 per cent cut in this $2.2 billion would leave a research budget of about $1.93 billion. Take from that another $220 million the NIH would allow for legitimate overhead expenses, and the actual dollars for research would still go up a whopping 60 per cent. Science would flourish. With this one policy initiative the President would be viewed as a wise man who truly supports basic research, as he claims to do.

Scientists should call for an end to the fiscal party. The dedicated science administrators of the NIH and NSF are in favor of this because they understand how the current economic policies and indirect costs are eroding their budgets. Basic research is far too precious a resource to be squandered by local administrators of science and their allies in Washington. □

Mr. Gazzaniga is a professor of neuropsychology at Cornell University Medical College in New York.

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"Would you care for wine?"

She'll Probably Sue

Mr. Reagan says reading the Bible
  Is a help in these dangerous days,
A remark most Americans second
  And which Abraham Lincoln would praise.
But like Beowulf sparring with Grendel
  As she left her unspeakable lair,
What he said has adversely affected
  Mrs. Madalyn Murray O'Hair.

W. H. VON DREELE

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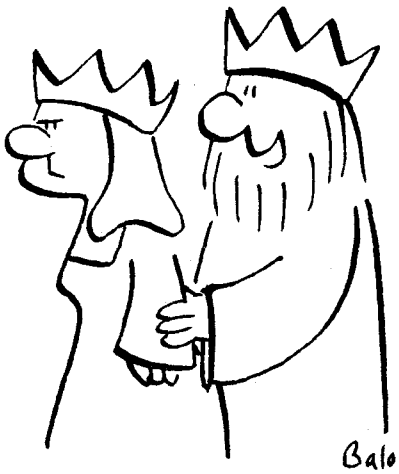
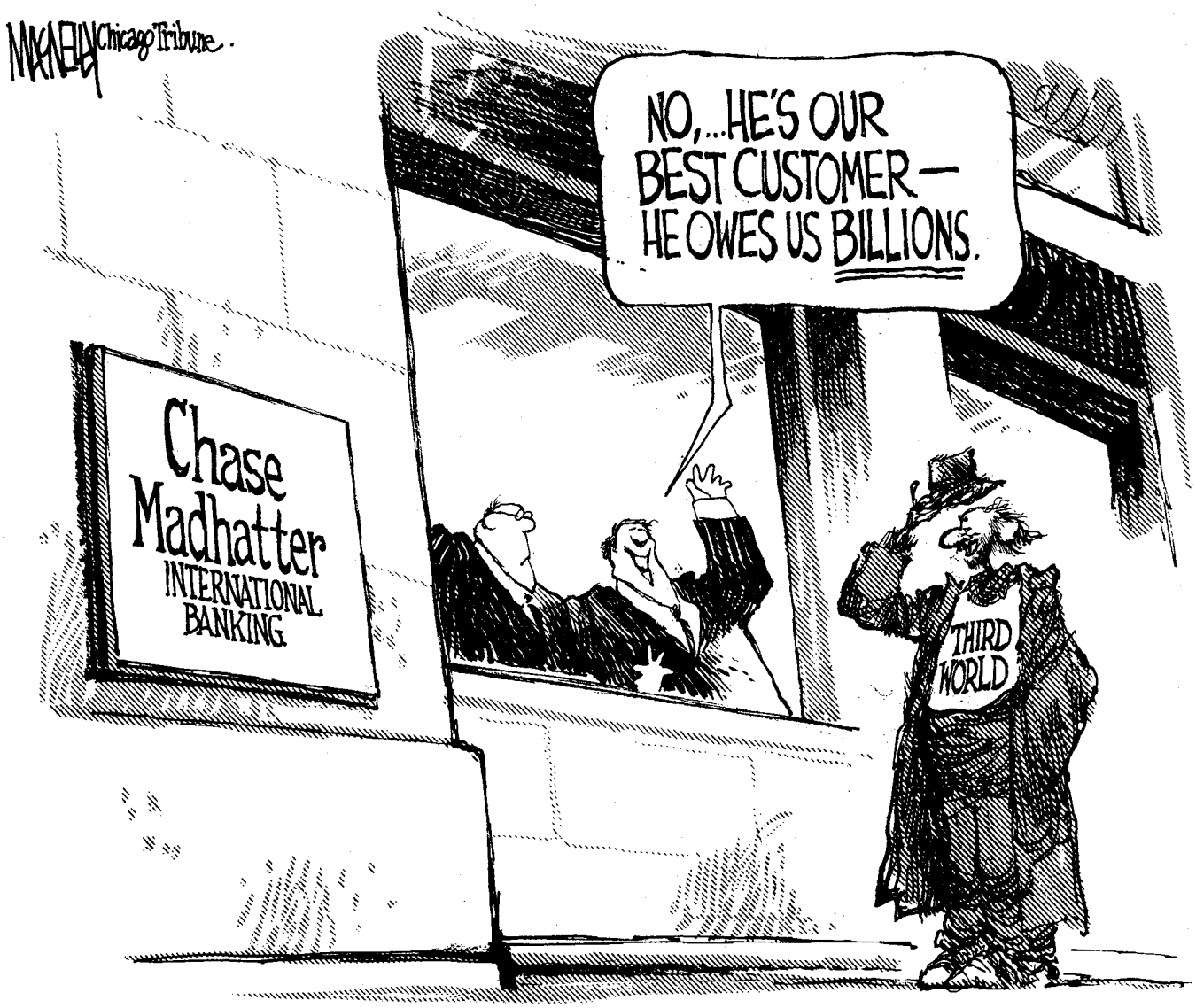


"I just said that for public consumption, sweetie-pie. As far as I'm concerned, L'état, c'est nous."

"I absolutely positively have *to be in Capistrano by tomorrow."*


MACNELLY Chicago Tribune
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THIRD WORLD

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Comments ON 'OUR LISTLESS UNIVERSITIES'

As a diagnosis of the problems we face in contemporary education, Allan Bloom's essay ["Our Listless Universities," Dec. 10] scarcely needs improvement.

The patient, however, may not yet be dead. Students still know that some professors do treat important ideas and important books with devotion, and that some teachers have not been seduced by every modern prejudice. Students still converge on those classes. The courses that have fallen off and will continue to fall off are those in which the teacher sees his texts as interesting curios or literary puzzles, fit only for placing in historical context or as precursors of the truth that never comes.

What gives us even greater hope is that when the National Endowment for the Humanities announced a series of not-for-credit seminars for secondary-school teachers in which they would spend four weeks with one great book, we received (to date) over five thousand inquiries for 250 positions. When we announced new guidelines in our Education Division aimed at supporting not curricular novelty and innovation but rather a reinvigoration of basic education, we were unable to print up our application forms fast enough.

John Agresto
Assistant Chairman
National Endowment for the Humanities
Washington, D.C.

Mr. Bloom inexplicably skipped over the true nature of the discourse on music in the *Republic*. Socrates wisely says that all poetry (Homer, Hesiod, Sophocles, Aeschylus) should be outlawed. If people had only taken the *Republic* to heart, this menace might have been nipped in the bud, and our moral natures would never have had to suffer through such horrors as the *Divine Comedy*, *Paradise Lost*, or *King Lear*. Who could argue that the world would not be made much better by the elimination of this centuries-old menace of music and poetry?

Geoffrey LaForte
Denton, Tex.

Professor Bloom envisions an encounter of a student with the great books of the Western tradition, an encounter to be led not by natural or social science, which have become too specialized, but by the humanities, the home of the "comprehensive questions," and to be conducted in an open-minded way in which the great books are "taken seriously on their own grounds."

Not a bad idea. But how would this be done? Which books would be chosen and how would they be presented in a setting—i.e., a four-year college for late adolescents—for which they were not originally written? I became irritated when Professor Bloom chose not to deal with these questions; when I saw his argument unfold, irritation changed to alarm.

A large part of his essay dealt with an attack on the very open-mindedness that would be essential to a genuine contemporary encounter with the great books. He said, "Schools once produced citizens, or gentlemen, or believers; now they produce the unprejudiced." If this be true, it would seem to me that we are now uniquely prepared to encounter the great books as he feels they should be encountered.

He then talked about young people and rock music. I grant the professor his dislike of rock music—I don't find it appealing either—but I don't think that the vitality of the great books depends on popular musical taste. The substitution of television-watching for book-reading is what has made books, great or otherwise, less inviting; I wonder how many students in the good old days listened to Mozart in their free time and not to swing or jazz. I also began to wonder what he was driving at.

By the time I got to his long section on sex, it became clear, and the great books seemed to get lost in the fury of his attack on contemporary sexual mores, except for the fact that feminism has as part of its creed the rejection of older classics on the ground of sexism. As he puts it, "Eve, Cleopatra, Emma Bovary, and Anna Karenina are parts of male chauvinist propaganda." A rather pallid fear, it seems to me, for if the Jawist, Plutarch, Shakespeare, Flaubert, and Tolstoy can't overcome Kate Millett and Germaine Greer, the cause of the great books is truly lost. It certainly will not be helped by hysterical rhetoric, which to me shows that Professor Bloom was not proposing a use for the classics but was rather making an attack on some aspects of modernity.

Educators will read Professor Bloom's article, as I did, hoping to read of a new joining of our past and present, but finding no more than a churlish complaint about superficial contemporary mores. Since I share his feeling that the Western tradition should be the heart of our curriculum, I believe that professor Bloom's heart is in the right place. But I also believe that, like Prospero, he should "break his staff" and, joining the brave new world of the Eighties, bring the great books into the arena of rock music and immodest friendships and use them there to test contemporary values and in turn be tested by them. In the words of Hermann Hesse's Harry Haller:

> There are times when a whole generation is caught . . . between two modes of life, with the consequence that it . . . has no standard, no security, no simple acquiescence. Naturally, everyone does not feel this equally strongly. A nature such as Nietzsche's had to suffer our present ills more than a generation in advance. What he had to go through alone and misunderstood, thousands suffer today.

In the professor's own words: "It is only by thinking ideas through again that we can determine whether our rea-

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son can any longer give assent to our principles."

Harry A. Dawe
Headmaster
Harvey School
Katonah, N.Y.

As a long-standing elitist I find that Allan Bloom's article both understates and overstates the problem of our universities. The policy of teaching no content and no style in grade school and high school does not merely engender nihilism and lack of curiosity, it also dismantles intelligence, attention, and devotion to anything higher than jobs, leisure, or TV-watching. Subway riders can see the results in advertisements: Florida sunbathing, the golf course, meals of luscious fruits. And, characteristically, while no square inch of the subway car is left unvandalized, the ads are never touched. An unmistakable sign of where our society locates its sacred values. The listless university reflects the "values" of our society. I see no reason for astonishment: who wants the end, must also want the means. It is *that* simple.

Nevertheless, the search for genuineness in religion, morals, and scholarship is as intense as ever. Many young men, yes, students too, live a moral life and devote themselves to the analysis of life's great issues, to probing knowledge, to immersion in beauty. Scholarship is as deep and vast as ever, its journals (not all) are a delight to read, conferences (not all) bring out the brilliance of disciplined and cultured minds.

True, in democratic/pluralistic societies the elite has little influence, in fact it is a *clandestine elite*, as Tocqueville and Santayana suggested. But why blame the elite for it? Why lament the cultural zero option of universities, while acquiescing in our form of society as the best possible choice?

Thomas Molnar
New York, N.Y.

In response to Allan Bloom's ruminations on youth, I offer some notes of hope. The sleek new upwardly mobiles may have few second thoughts, but the real outsiders have undergone a change. There are seedy apartments and shabby houses where old books are read, and you find puns and causerie instead of Monday-night football. I know real intellects and unreconciled scholars who make livings as vegetable-sellers, pizza-pushers, gravediggers, waitresses.

In this counterculture, I have noticed recently, there are the best marriages and the most love of children. Most of these people seem to be pro-life. I find mothers who stay home with their children, and fathers who rush home from the computer shop, looking forward to seeing the little faces. Can it be that they are serious about life, while the mainstream is playing power games?

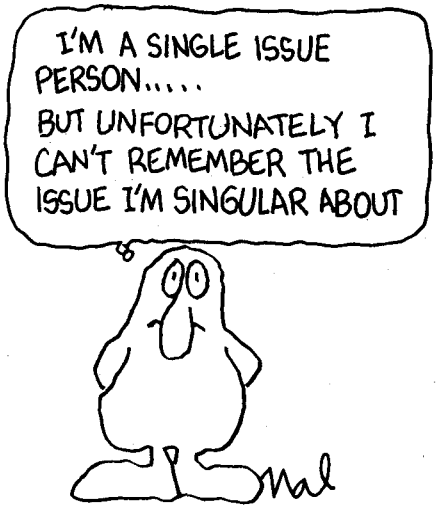
The clans grow again; they are as real as aunts and grandmothers. No clan system ever existed without the institution of marriage, but it has now become clear that the isolated nuclear family wasn't robust enough to endure life's batterings. It was a passing phase, like the 45-degree point of a tree's fall, between strong family and the *nihil* of the singles bar.

There is a genuine rebirth of agricultural knowledge, even if it has been partly impelled by the desire to produce better "homegrown." In part also, it was led by real prophets like Ken Kesey. (It was he who long ago warned that abortion was "the worm at the heart of the revolution.") This is not eco-mod but the stuff of survival.

The real counterculture always knew and hated the Marxists (the "politicals"), even twenty years ago. What is the meaning of the underground popularity of *Soldier of Fortune* magazine and the "Shotgun News"? There is awareness of the Afghans, the only ones who have dared to resist what in the light of twentieth century history we may call *the real thing*. ("Support the freedom-fighters," goes the slogan; "smoke Afghan grass!")

You can't live upward mobility or love abortion, so in the long run hope is inevitable. But it may dawn soon and surprisingly. The pieces are there.

Lawrence J. Dickson
Poway, Calif.



Allan Bloom's "Our Listless Universities" is an accurate and perceptive description. But it is a description not only of our universities but of our culture as a whole—and that makes a difference to the argument. How nice it would be if the problem were only the universities!

Bloom can not suggest a remedy for the decay of culture in our post-critical age beyond reading Plato, because he has none. But Plato and Aristotle will not do. Had they been able to save culture, classical culture would have had no need for the regeneration that Christianity brought in its wake. The study of the Greeks is the first step to the life of reason, but as St. Paul observed long ago, it is not enough.

What we confront in the universities is the full impact of a culture that has cut itself off from the transcendent; a culture from which God has been amputated. But the amputated God is not just God as an abstract principle of order but the personal, suffering God who shares our humanity, the God of Christianity. Without that God there is no meaning, no order, no beauty, no joy, no tragedy. Why complain about the relativity and equality of values in a culture that can find no absolute justification for any value? And in this matter I find Bloom as guilty as the people he accuses. To be sure he is more sophisticated, and I would rather live with a Platonist as a neighbor than a Marxist, but I also realize that not all men have the mental capacity to become Platonists, nor will Plato's God satisfy the human need for saving grace and an understanding of a flawed world.

Finally, I find his comments about the absence of "romance" a bit quaint. I don't know what "romance" is, though I suspect it has something to do with adolescent sentimentality. It certainly has very little to do with love. In these matters I am an eighteenth century man. My marriage began in desire, affection, and companionship. Only after a long apprenticeship did these become love. I don't think "romance" ever entered into it.

Stephen Tonsor
Department of History
University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Mich.

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Abroad

Port-au-Prince *The Meaning of Poverty*

Pope John Paul II's swing through Central America and the Caribbean Basin, beginning this week, will take him to an episcopal conference in the Haitian capital of Port-au-Prince, where he will be obliged to confront what must be the poorest and most consistently miserable country in the Western world. Haiti has the proud history of having become the first black independent nation when its slave heroes threw off the domination of the French colonial regime almost two hundred years ago. Yet ever since, the Haitians have been sinking downward on the political and economic scale. In recent years they have been at the political mercy of the ferocious Duvalier dynasty—first the bloodthirsty Papa Doc, who became "president for life" in 1964, and now his son, Bébé Doc—which has exploited the country's traditional political corruption with unprincipled violence. No other country receives so much foreign aid and is yet so poor. Six Western countries, the U.S. most heavily, contribute to keep the Haitian economy alive. So do six multinational lending agencies and almost 150 private organizations, many of them religious. This money keeps the crops irrigated, the roads paved, the streetlights burning, the schools and hospitals open, and a whole range of "salvation" agricultural experiments functioning in an overpopulated country of six million inhabitants on the western third of the island of Hispaniola. As an example of its problems, Haiti must replace its entire pig population this year because of an infestation of swine fever, and it has hardly a dozen veterinarians in the whole country. The United States, whose Marine Corps occupied the country from 1915 to 1934, has taken first responsibility, but despite enormous private and public investment and fifty years of work by dedicated battalions of civil servants, engineers, doctors, and bankers, the vast majority of Haitians still live below the absolute poverty line of $135 per capita per year.

Budapest *Freedom Pushing*

Hungary is soon scheduled to establish a free-trade zone for joint ventures involving foreign companies and local business, in another move to open its commercial door wider to the West and set its trade policies apart from those of other Eastern bloc countries. According to an announcement here, this will mean the creation of "off-shore" manufacturing sites where made-for-export goods would be sold tariff-free. Theoretically, the new trade zone would function along the lines of the huge free-trade ports of Hong Kong, Miami, Panama, and Hamburg. Hungary's successful trade policy has put it in the position, unique in Eastern Europe, of running a high-rate convertible currency balance account. It already has some seventy joint trade and marketing ventures abroad, mainly in the Common Market, and the new free-trade zone will enhance its international position, especially as guarantees of investment and profit repatriation go with it. The Foreign Ministry says that one American company has already made an offer for the joint manufacture of printed circuits.

Athens *Multifaces*

Socialist Premier Andreas Papandreou probably never thought the NATO bases in Greece, which he has so frequently denounced, would be giving him so much trouble. President Reagan, for example, will not consider increasing military aid until the status of these "death bases," as some of Papandreou's supporters refer to them, has been settled. Papandreou thinks the bases should be used principally to "confront the threat in the Aegean," meaning less the Soviet Union than Greece's fellow NATO member Turkey. In the middle of all this, Soviet Prime Minister Nikolai Tikhonov turned up in Athens to sign a ten-year treaty strengthening economic and scientific relations between the two countries—an indication of what Papandreou calls Greece's "genuinely multifaceted" foreign policy.

Darjeeling *The Ultimate Huff and Puff*

Two Englishmen—brothers, and both geologists, Richard and Adrian Crane, 29 and 27—are getting ready for what must be one of the strangest marathons of all time, a 2,500-mile charity run across the Roof of the World. The Cranes are undertaking this feat on behalf of the "small is beautiful" principle of the late Dr. E. F. Schumacher, and if they complete it they will donate a purse of £250,000 ($380,000) to the London-based Intermediate Technology Development Group, an obscure charity specializing in Third World development projects along "small is beautiful" lines. The marathon will take the brothers from Darjeeling over the Himalayas to the Mount Everest base camp and then to Katmandu in Nepal. They will end the journey at Rawalpindi in Pakistan and will have run at an average height of 12,000 feet. The brothers say they are "mountaineers first, adventurers second, and runners third." There is no present estimate of how long it will take them.

Fisher, *Punch* Rothco

"On the other hand, because of the biased and distorted reportage of Third World matters by the influential Western news media, maybe we only *think* life is lousy here."

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THE NEXT GENERATION

Sense as Psychotherapist

MICHAEL A. SCULLY

V. S. Naipaul once observed that late in the nineteenth century English writers shifted their attention from examining human nature to defining, and celebrating, Englishness. Chronologically, Jane Austen is exempted from the charge (she died in 1817). Yet there is probably no writer whose works are thought more characteristically English.

By its nature, the novel is an exploration of manners and, thus, of how people act in a particular time and place. The novel, not surprisingly, developed at the stage in Western history when manners themselves became a means of differentiating among people—of disclosing something important about the person who displayed them, or failed to do so. It may surprise some to hear it, but it was capitalism (a century before that label was affixed to the new economics) that made manners matter, because it made possible the rise of middle classes. Traditionally, people had been anchored to well-defined stations in life. The new middle classes found themselves freed from that condition, only to discover the anxieties that accompany navigation beyond safe harbors. Manners steered people "on the rise" to a new identity, a way of knowing "who they were." By contrast, to take an extreme example, the manners of Henry VIII were irrelevant to his position and his power. A man who can send you to the Tower of London need not say excuse me.

Human Nature Revealed

The thrust of Naipaul's complaint is that the great novelist is neither simply a chronicler nor a celebrant of the manners of his time. In the work of a great writer, the manners through which people associate become streetlights along a path that, ultimately, will somehow enlighten us about human nature. When it comes to steering us down such paths, few writers are the equal of Jane Austen. That is, at least in part, why her novels stir the interest of readers who are neither her contemporaries nor her countrymen, and why her observations remain strikingly pertinent after more than a century and a half.

For example, in an essay in *The Hudson Review* (Winter 1982/83), Edward Joseph Shoben Jr. offers a rejoinder to the "psychological ideologies" currently in vogue that perceive culture as the enemy of—rather than as crucial to the development of—a healthy personality. Shoben is a psychologist, but he illustrates his argument not by reciting current case histories of patients, but by describing the travails of the two sisters in Jane Austen's *Sense and Sensibility*. In brief, the novel describes how Elinor (sense) and Marianne (sensibility) react to the society in which they live, and to similar disappointments in love.

By nature, Marianne has a heavier allotment of "sensibility" (nowadays we would say "sensitivity") than sense. She is an effervescent, passionate girl of 17. One day she falls down a hill and hurts her ankle, and a handsome young stranger carries her home; she falls in love with him. Marianne's romance begins without discretion. In short order, her acquaintances think she is engaged, when in fact she has merely been acting without regard to the formalities of courtship. As she later tells her sister, "I felt myself to be as solemnly engaged to him as if the strictest covenant bound us together." As the modern-day phrase renders it, she did not need "a piece of paper" to sanction her romance. Marianne's passionate nature leads her first to scorn the formalities of social interaction (i.e., manners), then to justify her behavior (she had no pangs of conscience and so, she reasoned, her actions must have been moral), and finally to perceive herself as utterly alone and forlorn.

Throughout her misfortunes, Marianne is cared for by her down-to-earth sister, Elinor, who also suffers a disappointment in love, but without hysterics. Yet, although she lacks "sensibility," Elinor cares for others and for their feelings. As Shoben puts it, "Elinor's 'sense' results in a less demonstrative but more authentic warmth and genuinely appreciative tolerance of individual differences than do the attitudes of any other character in *Sense and Sensibility*." Thus Shoben utilizes the characters of the two sisters to demonstrate that the healthy personality develops by coping in a moral way with the difficulties and restrictions that are part of living in any "society"—whether families, church groups, clubs, or countries. His essay is all the more interesting in that he drives home his criticism of some current trends in psychotherapy by means of a book whose author died forty years before Sigmund Freud was born.

The Immortal Jane

The Winter issue of *The American Scholar* includes a warm account of the writings of George Orwell, by English novelist and poet John Wain. Written as an open letter to Orwell, the essay recounts many of the latter's fears and predictions, and tells which in Wain's opinion were correct. At one point, Wain laments that in the decade after Orwell's death, the practice of having pupils read the classics of English literature—books such as Jane Austen's—"was largely abandoned in favor of a policy of feeding the young a compulsory diet of what are taken to be the 'significant' works of contemporary writing."

As Wain explains, this had the effect of cutting out the "ordinary cultivated reader." Theretofore, it had been the judgment of readers, over several generations, that had determined what was "a classic." The displacement of this gradual formation of public taste was a first step in ordaining a new "priesthood" of academic literary critics, which prefers books of great complexity—books that have to be explained by experts. Hardest for critics, says Wain, are "books that make their point without fuss, without much in the way of surface complexities." Such books "throw the critic back on his or her own human resources."

Long after literary pedants have numbered every cobblestone in England, Jane Austen's novels will still be expanding the "human resources," and soothing the souls, of ordinary cultivated readers. □

Mr. Scully is Editor of This World.

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All but Indigenous

JOSEPH SOBRAN

The Soviet Viewpoint
By Georgi A. Arbatov and Willem Oltmans
Dodd, Mead, 240 pp., $13.95

While pro-Soviet types have taken over the State Department, the FBI has thoroughly infiltrated the Communist Party. It follows that if we are ever going to get our country back, we'll need a Communist revolution.

That is a joke about impersonation, one of the eerier forms of comedy. Under the delight of recognition—when, say, a mimic performs—is, I suppose, a certain anxiety about possession. The eerie thing about *The Soviet Viewpoint*, written in the form of several long interviews with the Soviet Union's chief American specialist, conducted by Dutch journalist Willem Oltmans, is that Georgi Arbatov seems to be impersonating Cyrus Vance.

What the book stunningly reveals is Arbatov's sophistication about American liberalism. He knows its peculiar gullibility, and he speaks its idiom with near-perfect nuance. No "running dogs" or "Wall Street lackeys" or "capitalist bloodsuckers" here; Arbatov utters the Leninist vision in terms that might have been lifted from *Foreign Affairs*.

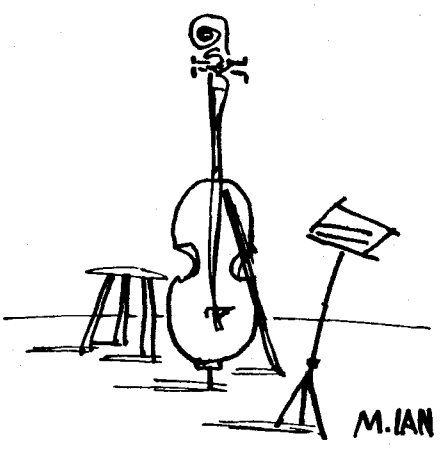
Soviet-American relations have need of *reciprocity*. We must seek *mutually acceptable solutions*. Let us avoid *confrontation*, but instead confront *new realities*, eschewing the while any *mood of nostalgia* that might lead to a *new cold war* (much as such a development might please *hard-liners in Washington*, who are fond of *saber rattling*).

This is a time for *international cooperation*. We face *global problems*, such as the *depletion of natural resources*, which can't be dealt with through *old perceptions inherited from the cold war. Whether one likes it or not, we are chained together on this planet*. We dare not treat the situation as a *zero-sum game*, or *continue to squander our resources through the arms race*. Not *if we are to avoid doomsday*. It is imperative that we pursue the *possibility of lessening tensions*, of *lowering the level of military confrontation*. Despite our *different social systems*, there are *overriding common interests that call for co-operation. We are talking of human survival on this planet*, of *today's increasingly complex, fragile, and interdependent world*.

The real issue is the *quality of life*. If we are serious about *building a new society*, we must combine a genuine commitment to *social spending* with *a new, broader approach to human rights*.

Remember, *the Vietnam War torpedoed the Great Society*. And in a nuclear war, *there will be no winners*. Think of the *human cost*! Not only of *the war threatening humanity*, but of any *new massive military buildup*.

Any *significant improvement* in the *infrastructure* must be *viewed in the context of* the phenomena of *widespread alienation* and *social atomization* stemming from *McCarthyist witch-hunts*, and the *long-term trends* that culminated in *Watergate* with all its attendant *pressures for change* in the *military-industrial complex* whose *macho* posturing has thus far precluded *meaningful redistribution . . . social expenditures . . . purely internal Afghan development . . .*



Nice going, Georgi. The only thing you left out was *indigenous*. But damn good anyway. Tell me: Can you do Jimmy Wechsler? Tony Lewis? Alan Cranston?

Who has infiltrated whom? In the old days the fellow-traveler would spout the Moscow line. Now the Muscovite spouts the liberal line. Arbatov shrewdly realizes he doesn't need a workers' revolt (the fewer of them the better, after Gdansk); just a good ADA rating. All he has to do is nudge the libs along the path they are following. Their own lexicon, such as it is, is rich enough for the purpose. No need for that old 1952 Kim Il-sung rant.

John Lukacs's *most recent book is* Philadelphia: Patricians and Philistines, 1900-1950. *He is also the author of* Historical Consciousness *and* The Last European War, *among many other books. . . .* **Thomas Mallon** *is a professor of English at Vassar. . . .* **Jeffrey Meyers** *has written books on T. E. Lawrence, George Orwell, and Wyndham Lewis; his most recently published book is* D. H. Lawrence and the Experience of Italy. *He is at work on a life of Hemingway. . . .* **Joseph Sobran** *is a syndicated columnist and the author of* Single Issues, *just published by the Human Life Press. . . .* **Chilton Williamson Jr.** *is the author of* Saltbound: A Block Island Winter *and* Roughnecking It, *published last spring by Simon & Schuster.*

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There is hardly a sentence in this book that couldn't have been picked up on the narrow frequency band between the *New York Times* and the Institute for Policy Studies. (The interviewer once mentions Richard Barnet, but Arbatov doesn't seem to recollect the name.) Yet despite the bland language, Arbatov is plenty aggressive, consistently denigrating the United States, just as consistently justifying the Soviet Union. His audacity is sometimes remarkable, as when he complains that the U.S. never takes other people's viewpoints to heart; but all in all, he is much closer to American liberals than they are to conservatives. *The Soviet Viewpoint* is to a great extent an exercise in redundancy. It is not calculated to pick a fight with Robert Drinan, Ramsey Clark, or J. William Fulbright (who wrote the introduction, twice referring to the *escalation of the arms race*).

The interviewer, Willem Oltmans, is most helpful. In the interview on human rights and dissidents he asks gentle questions, never raising the issue of religious persecution or mentioning the armed borders at which those who seek to flee are shot. He even takes his own little swipe at Ronald Reagan.

Today's liberals have made the fellow-traveler passé. In the Alger Hiss era a Communist was still an unassimilable who had to go in secret, hiding his shame. Today Andy Young can glory in the ambiguity of a liberal lingo that is equally available to Bill Moyers and Georgi Arbatov. There is so little need of card-carrying, spying, infiltrating. Read this book, and you'll realize why. □

RANDOM NOTES

■ LAST MARCH TITLES: A. N. Wilson's *The Life of John Milton* (Oxford, $19.95) looks to be an excellent, comprehensive, and beautifully written biography. . . . *Stranger and Brother: A Portrait of C. P. Snow* (Scribner's, $14.95), by Philip Snow, is a slight, unostentatious book by the novelist's brother.

China Diary (Abrams, $28.50), by Stephen Spender, the British poet, and David Hockney, the painter, is a not-terribly-successful travelogue, with watercolors by Hockney.

In *The Shrinking of America* (Little, Brown, $16.50) Bernie Zilbergelb tries to temper the psychotherapy craze with a measure of common sense. . . . *Grunch of Giants* (St. Martin's, $8.95), by Buckminster Fuller, is an attack upon American multinational corporations and a prediction of a nuclear showdown with the Soviet Union.

■ COMING IN APRIL: *Lenin Lives: The Lenin Cult in Soviet Russia* (Harvard, $20), by Nina Tumarkin, places the Kremlin's carefully orchestrated myth in the context of Russian hagiography.

Roughneck: The Life and Times of "Big Bill" Haywood (Norton, $17.50), by Peter Carlson, is the colorful story of the IWW leader who organized miners in Colorado and textile workers in Massachusetts, was prosecuted by the U.S. Government in 1917 for hindering the war effort, and died in exile in the USSR.

Siegfried Sassoon Diaries: 1915-1918 (Faber, $19.95) is the raw material from which the poet created his famous prose accounts of his wartime experiences.

Alfred S. Shivers's *The Life of Maxwell Anderson* (Stein & Day, $18.95) is a lackluster biography of the American playwright, who even in his own time lay in the long shadow of O'Neill.

Rider Haggard: The Great Storyteller (Stein & Day, $22), by D. S. Higgins, is an interesting biography of an unhappy young Englishman who was sent to South Africa as an unpaid secretary and found himself a fabulously successful romantic novelist at the age of thirty. —CW

Growing Up
By Russell Baker
Congdon & Weed, 278 pp., $15

AN AMERICAN CLASSIC

JOHN LUKACS

Russell Baker is a columnist for the *New York Times*, wherein he writes serious funny things usually with the purpose of pointing out absurdities, including economists' prevarications, the pretensions of technology, and government prose that has not noticeably improved during the Reagan monarchy. Whatever the targets of his attacks, Russell Baker is a defender of the greatest heritage of this nation—of which conservatives ought to be more respectful than they often are—the American English language. Within the *New York Times* Russell Baker compares as a grammarian to the house conservative William Safire somewhat as Red Smith compares to Howard Cosell. But Baker is more than a grammarian. He is a master of the American language.

This book is a revelation of that fact. In it he recounts the first 24 years of his life as the son of an independent and deep-rooted Virginian family, people as frugal and brave as their American ancestors two hundred years before had been. One paragraph of his description of family life in the Depression is worth everything Studs Terkel ever wrote. The Depression brought families close together. "If" (note that he writes "if," not "when") "my homework was done, I could sit with them and listen until ten o'clock struck. I loved the sense of family warmth that radiated through those long kitchen nights of talk." There was a lot of talk. It was an unusual family. His childhood was not an unhappy one. I have always thought that Tolstoy's famous first sentence of *Anna Karenina* —"Happy families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way"—was a lot of guff, and that its very opposite is true.

Baker's family had many hardships, but they were not destitute and seldom, if ever, bereft of the kind of personal dignity that was private, their own. His mother was a triumph of character, and he had a good basic education, at a time when that phrase truly meant something. In one sense his growing up was uneventful; but only in the dictionary sense, according to which "uneventful" is merely the negation of "eventful." He lived at the edge of poverty; he did his military service at the edge of the war; he found himself on the edge of a newspaper career; and he teetered for years on the edge of a great love-commitment which suddenly developed into marriage, into a center that held and holds—all very different not only from Tolstoy but from what Stendhal wrote about Passion-Love and Crystallization.

When a writer equipped with a minimum of talent thinks or writes about undramatic phases of his life, he can always fall back on color, and attempt to describe things and scenes in souped-up prose. But writing is not quite like painting, and even in painting, color cannot be altogether a substitute for draftsmanship. Baker's prose is like clear water. His descriptions do not depend on colors; they reflect them. Here is a

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sentence in which sensitive readers may glimpse that combination of irony and tenderness and natural virtuosity which is the mark of a great writer. Russell Baker's grandfather had 11 sons. His devotion to Christian worship "was remarkable. He required a minimum of two church services each Sunday to keep his soul in sound repair, and after partaking of the Gospel at morning and afternoon servings he often set out across the fields for a third helping at dusk if he heard of a church with lamps lit for nocturnal psalming."

Baker was born in 1925, when H. L. Mencken, another Baltimorean, was proclaiming that an American language had come into being, a language that was more democratic and more straightforward and telling than what the English language, with all of its Latinisms and emasculated suggestiveness, had become. Mencken was wrong. During the twentieth century the American language—including the literary language—became intellectualized and bureaucratized, cumbrous and soggy. Even Hemingway was no exception to this, since his indubitable talent was not matched by sufficient wisdom or integrity. The result was a style that was ephemeral, closer to O. Henry or to Maupassant than to us. But now comes this wondrous apparition—no, a solid reality—in our midst. Here is a modest book, a modest autobiographical story, with a title that is as modest as it is truthful and precise. It is an American classic, containing an *American* style that leaves Hemingway and Mencken and Henry Adams—the prose of the first, the thesis of the second, and the pessimism of the third—behind. It ought to be put before every young American to see what can be done with the great language of a nation. □

Gunning for Justice
By Gerry Spence and Anthony Polk
Doubleday, 470 pp., $17.95

AN AMERICAN MYTH

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

Memoirs of hot-shot lawyers and businessmen are often made unreadable by shameless egotism, or, inversely, by a prudent suppression of ego that succeeds merely in replacing vanity by an

intolerable smugness. *Gunning for Justice* is dominated by an outsized personality, a romantic image of the self, that is however no more egocentric than need be and infected only rarely by smugness. Like its author it is large, overbearing, crude and sensitive by turns, always powerful, ever observant. It is one of the most genuine and successful self-portraits of a true American original I know of.

Gerry Spence is a defense attorney, born in Laramie, Wyo. and now resident in Jackson, who has in the last decade or so acquired a national reputation as one of the country's finest trial lawyers. I have myself witnessed him in action and can attest to his remarkable prowess. He began as a small-town lawyer, served two terms as county attorney for Fremont County, Wyo., and ran for state representative on a platform that was strongly anti-socialist even for a Republican one. (He lost nearly every state precinct but carried the town of Bill by garnering two of its three votes.) He went to work handling subrogation ("chickenshit") cases for the insurance companies, made money, and became known within the state as a brilliant lawyer. But increasing unhappiness led finally to personal crisis. He drank, womanized, then met and fell in love with the daughter of a former curator of the Smithsonian; divorced his wife and remarried; forswore alcohol and whoring for the insurance companies; and began representing almost exclusively small people in big trouble. His book is a moving testament to personal and professional resurrection, worked into an account of three cases he developed concurrently, tried, and won, in the space of a little more than a year.

His publishers describe the book as "a call for a new kind of courtroom warrior and new kind of American justice"—an obvious and total misrepresentation in which so far as I know Spence himself is not complicit. He is in fact interested in neither a "new kind of law" nor a "new kind of justice," but in the reification of a legal tradition that was distinctively American and reached its apotheosis, perhaps, during the age of Jackson and the antebellum period. As Spence himself told the American Bar Association several years ago:

> The American trial lawyer has always been special. He has historically been indomitable, and despite what we do to this great warrior, how we rail at him and revile him, he will survive, because from the beginning there have always been the champions of the *people*, the warrior of the courtroom, the few men of courage—who also know love.

Spence faces backward, not forward; his is the justice of Faulkner's idealistic courthouse types (even their language is slightly similar), whose spirit moved west after the Civil War and found tenuous hold in a dispersive frontier civilization and its Populist politics.

The enormous Western hat Spence wears to court—always placing it majestically upon its crown on the defense table—is not a vulgar gesture; it is an honest symbol. His homely Wyoming background defines him yet, as it shaped him: some of the book's most vivid and compelling chapters describe his boyhood spent largely in the town of Sheridan, near the Montana border, at the foot of the Bighorn mountains. The treatment of this material is heavily archetypal, almost Jungian. It is less pervasive but nevertheless emphatic elsewhere: the act of hunting elk in the high country with his father is translated to the courtroom ("I have tried to be as good a hunter as my father"), where the hunt becomes the metaphor for legal pursuit:

> I have come out of the forest, like you, out of the tribes, out of the hunters and warriors, and I have felt my blood in the ring and the dust. I win because I understand my own fear and can therefore poke my thumb into the fearful gut of my opponent. I know the place on him. I know it in his wild eyes and his straight legs and the high strain of his voice and the fine sharp mechanism of his mind as it pushes out meaningless words and phrases about academic things that do not communicate his client's case. . . . There is not only power

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and anger in my bag of weapons, but also softness and a knowledge of how to be gentle and to love. And there is the music, and the sounds of poetry, which is of speaking, and there is the art of listening to these humans who need to be heard in this deafened world, the most silent place of all being the courtroom where men scream out their logic and their law.

Again we have the language of the Southern rhetorician; while the sentiment is that of the Western populist.

Despite his strictures against "big corporations" and "the new slavery," Spence is no William Kunstler. He is neither an anti-capitalist nor any sort of ideologue. For this reason his most emblematic case is perhaps *Silkwood* v. *Kerr-McGee*, in which he represented the estate of Karen Silkwood and won $10.5 million in punitive and actual damages. (This judgment was subsequently overturned and is now awaiting a hearing before the U.S. Supreme Court.) In *Silkwood* Spence's indignation at corporate irresponsibility collided with his strong distaste for "causes," in this instance feminism. While the *Silkwood* jury was deliberating a verdict, the Cause folks, succumbing to ennui, had the bright idea to call a press conference with the intention of "thanking" everybody who had supported them. Fearing that word of such a spectacle might in some way reach the jurors, and affect them prejudicially, Spence, albeit in a rather deliberate way, lost his temper: "If you goddamn women f--- up my case . . . !"

If *Silkwood* is for Spence his most important case ("the most important case in history," as he has, with characteristic exaggeration, called it for its Faustian significance), perhaps the one for which he felt the greatest personal immediacy was that of Ed Cantrell, formerly Director of Public Safety in Rock Springs, Wyo., whom Spence defended successfully against a first-degree-murder charge in the shooting of an undercover agent in 1978. It was a remarkable case, a paradigm of the New West and how much of the Old remains implicit in it. "I was anything but objective about Cantrell," Spence writes. "He was my brother. I felt as if we had emerged on the same dark day from the same cursed womb, twins of the soul who had fought the same battles with different guns."

I must agree with Spence when he claims in his defense that he is not an actor; but certainly he is a mythmaker, and the creation of this book is in part an exercise in mythmaking. And as this is a review of a book, and not a profile of its author, I have not tried to disentangle Mr. Spence from himself but accepted the self-portrait at face value. The point is that he has cherished this myth for a long time, that it offers every appearance of having been presented to himself many years before he presents it to us. And it is a good myth, a classically American myth, and it is well presented. Finally, it is relentlessly aspired to. Gerry Spence is an admirable man; not least because he is too prideful to be content with anything less. □

Robert Lowell: A Biography
By Ian Hamilton
Random House, 527 pp., $19.95

CAL

THOMAS MALLON

He died in a New York taxicab on September 12, 1977, somewhere between Kennedy Airport and West 67th Street. He was on his way to the apartment of his second wife, having just flown from the house of his third. If the doctors at Roosevelt Hospital had been able to revive him, he would, one feels certain, have written a poem about all of it, because he had come to realize that "*everything* could be 'got into' poetry." Robert Traill Spence Lowell was the greatest—and most—American poet of our era. Now, five years after his death, we are confronted with Ian Hamilton's massive rendering of his enormously troubled, productive, and improbable life.

The Lowell mantle was passed to him from the ineffectual shoulders of his father, a naval officer who had married the exacting Charlotte Winslow. They sent their son to St. Mark's School, which was more or less predictable. Almost everything that happened to him from then on wasn't. Having earned the nickname "Cal" (from both Caligula and Caliban), he left the school with a new vocation for poetry and a reputation for odd outbursts of misbehavior. After a disappointing year at Harvard he headed south and west, getting his education as a poet from exponents of Agrarianism, New Criticism, and discernible metrics: Allen Tate in Tennessee; John Crowe Ransom at Kenyon; Cleanth Brooks and Robert Penn Warren in Louisiana.

He burnt his way through Catholicism and conscientious objection. After early volumes such as *Land of Unlikeness* and *Lord Weary's Castle* established him as an original practitioner of inherited forms, he assimilated the more relaxed influence of William Carlos Williams and found himself " 'growing young in [his] forties!' " The result was the astonishing *Life Studies* (1959), which set him on his way as a poet both painfully personal and casually quotidian. Throughout his long second marriage he would be brought home from stays in the "kingdom of the mad" by some peculiar grace and his brilliant wife. He would survive. Temporarily defeating his manic-depressive illness, he would turn his devils into muses.

He also managed what most of the "confessional" poets who followed in his wake did not. He became a poet of concerns outside himself—namely, politics and history. After the specifics of his 1960s activism are forgotten, poems such as "Waking Early Sunday Morning" will evoke those hard years in the life of the Republic. We shall not hear his like again.

No one will be able to fault Ian Hamilton's attempts at exhaustiveness and exactitude. He has rifled the right libraries and talked to the right people and assembled a huge array of facts about a man who respected facts enough to turn them into poems. He offers sensible readings of the immensely varied works that emerged from all Lowell's phases and preoccupations. But Hamilton's faith in inclusiveness sometimes threatens to smother the life he is appraising. The chronology of his book is so relentless as to seem more biological than biographical. Lowell is buried on page 473, and all attempts at summary are finished two paragraphs later. In 1974 Lowell wrote his friend Peter Taylor: " 'I think in a way, I never understood my life, that it is addition not to be understood just completed . . .' " Hamilton seems to take his cue from this sentence; he expertly arranges the integers, but he is reluctant to total them.

He also puts in more of them than he needs to. Long after the reader knows the pattern of Lowell's appallingly fre-

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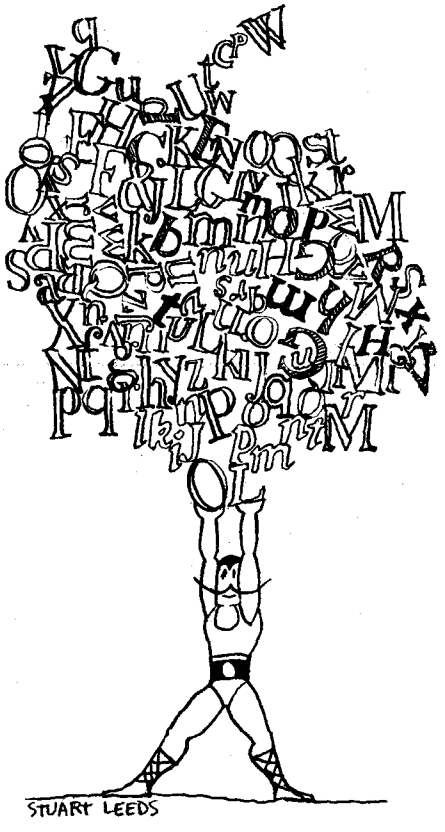
quent breakdowns—the "speeding up," the new girl, the parties, the Hitler mania, the call for the police or the ambulance, the hospitalization, the release, the exhausted contrition—Hamilton is still supplying page after page of pathetic details, many of which are surely as painful to people left living as they remain largely superfluous to those still reading the poems—however "autobiographical" those poems may be. After offering two friends' confused recollections of a manic evening at the Met in the 1960s, Hamilton notes: "These were clearly two different nights at the opera and two quite separate escapades—there is an understandable tendency for Lowell's friends to muddle the events of one illness with those of another." Is it not also understandable to feel there is little point in unmuddling them? Insanity is ultimately tedious; its repetitions torment its victims and drain those who remain loyal to them. Hamilton pays it too much regard. In Lowell's case the poetry triumphed over it; it is the poems to which his biographer should more steadily award the deference of his own intelligence.

Hamilton knows that Lowell's remained a life more ennobling than embarrassing. He includes the following statement about the poet's normal times by Elizabeth Hardwick (whose love and persevering courage cannot fail to move a reader of this book): " 'this was his life, reading, studying, and writing. The papers piled up on the floor, the books on the bed, the bottles of milk on the windowsill, and the ashtray filled . . . The discipline, the dedication, the endless adding to his *store*, by reading and studying—all of this had, in my view, much that was heroic about it.' " The proportions of Hamilton's narrative contrive to make this a book that misses its own point. □



Robert Graves: His Life and Work
By Martin Seymour-Smith
Holt, 609 pp., $22.50

SPELLBOUND

JEFFREY MEYERS

I interviewed Robert Graves on Majorca in the summer of 1970 and was impressed by his rugged grandeur, irritated by his arrogance, and perplexed by his murky theories of Mariolatry among the Arabs. He flatly contradicted my suggestion (confirmed in this book) that his poem "Children of Darkness" (in which unborn infants spur their parents to procreative lust) was inspired by his hero T. E. Lawrence: "*I* was never influenced by anyone! I always influenced *other* people!" Martin Seymour-Smith's lively, sympathetic, perceptive, definitive biography—which deftly penetrates the minefield of Graves's agonizing relations with women—reveals why the abjectly submissive poet angrily denied his intellectual debts.

Graves was born in London in 1895, and is still alive. At the age of four he asked his mother to leave him money in her will so he could buy a bicycle and "ride to your grave on it." He went directly from Charterhouse school to the trenches. In July 1916, a shell fragment pierced his lung and came out through his chest. Considered beyond recovery, he was officially declared dead and had to announce his resurrection in the London *Times*.

In 1917, his friend Siegfried Sassoon, after conspicuous gallantry in action, took a pacifist stand and faced court martial. Graves intervened, rigged the medical board, and got his fellow poet sent to Craiglockhart Hospital. There Sassoon met Wilfred Owen and recovered. Graves returned to the front. After the War he suffered from acute neurasthenia for ten years.

Graves shared this condition with T. E. Lawrence, whom he met in postwar Oxford. They became intimate friends, and Lawrence, who encouraged Graves and provided cash in crises, confided that he was being ritualistically whipped. Graves's *Lawrence and the Arabs*, partially written by its subject, was his first popular success. Seymour-Smith is good on their friendship, but too harsh on Robert Bolt's *Lawrence of Arabia* screenplay and misinformed when he calls John Mack's biography "the only good interpretation of T. E. Lawrence." (He also makes a few factual mistakes: Roy Campbell never fought for Franco, for example; and Huntington Cairns was trustee, not director, of the National Gallery in Washington.)

Graves's nerves were re-shredded by his desperately unhappy marriage in 1918 to a fanatical feminist and sister of the painter Ben Nicholson. He had four children with Nancy, who merely bitched about oppression and never did anything to advance the cause of women's rights.

THE ARRIVAL of the dessicated American poet Laura Riding in 1926 (after her affair with Allen Tate) led to a welcome *ménage à trois*. This triangle was squared when Laura, riding roughshod over Robert, fell for the worthless Irish liar Geoffrey Phibbs. When Phibbs abandoned her for Nancy, the brokenhearted Laura jumped out of a fourth-floor window (followed by Graves from the third floor) and broke her back.

While they were all recovering from this anguished farce, Graves wrote in 11 weeks his greatest book (and the best autobiography of the century) *Goodbye to All That*. He then left with Miss Riding for the charming Majorcan village of Deyá, where he spent the rest of his life—except when compelled to flee by the wars of 1936-45. Graves had no interest in politics and did not even notice the events that led to the Civil War in Spain.

Laura Riding, whom the apostate Tom Matthews called "very nearly ugly, or at least repellent," is surely the most unpleasant literary personality of our time. (Brecht, by comparison, is charming.) Trench warfare was nothing compared to the strain of living under this fierce, imperious woman, whose igno-

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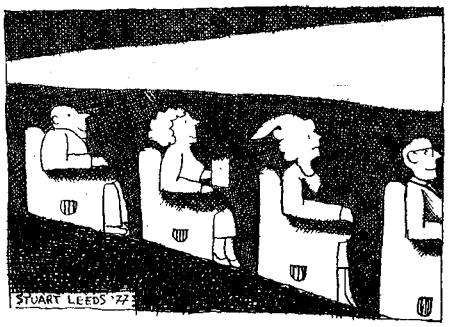
rance of philosophy and politics did not prevent her from making muddled but "definitive" pronouncements on these subjects. (I have a number of her entirely incoherent letters about Wyndham Lewis.) As H. G. Wells said of his mistress Elizabeth von Arnim: "When you've had her for a week, you want to bash her head through the wall."

Why then did Graves submit to the emotional degradation and intellectual tyranny of this freakish personality? Seymour-Smith suggests he had a strong need to idealize women, felt Laura was a punishment for his failure with Nancy, and believed unhappiness in love was necessary for his poetic achievement.

Though they ceased to be lovers in Deyá, Graves remained abjectly loyal to Laura until 1939. When they moved to America she met another married nonentity, Schuyler Jackson, and jettisoned her theories of sexual chastity. Thus Laura "broke up another family also consisting of a wife and husband and four children"—and soon drove Jackson's wife into an insane asylum.

Graves, understandably restless after a decade of enforced celibacy, fell in love with Beryl, the wife of his friend and collaborator Alan Hodge, and finally broke Laura's spell in February 1940. He spent the war years in Devon; had four more children with Beryl, who was not a symbolic Wife or Muse but a woman he could love. He gradually patched up friendships "with most of the people with whom Laura made me quarrel."

Graves, a demonic worker who could never relax and had to support his huge family by his writing, produced 140 books. The success of *Lawrence* and *Goodbye* was followed by the two *Claudius* books (used as the code text for the July 1944 plot against Hitler) and *The Greek Myths*; and by his learned though crankish ventures into the myths of *The White Goddess* and the Sufic basis of Omar Khayyam's *Rubáiyát*. He was constantly tantalized and finally disappointed by the prospect of big money from films. Generous and gullible with his own funds, he suffered some serious financial disasters. Well-deserved fame came at last in old age: visits from Ava Gardner, gold (i.e., bronze) medals, television interviews, lectures, prizes, honors. These coincided with his disastrous infatuation with young carnal Muses, patiently tolerated by his wife. All four seemed charming and trivial; one, mean and mercenary,



sold his four hundred letters to her for $12,000.

But his surpassing achievement is his poetry, written to attain virtue through love of women and published from his teens until his late seventies. Graves has consistently aligned himself with Hardy, Frost, Ransom, and Cummings against Yeats, Pound, Auden, and Thomas. Seymour-Smith justly calls him "the finest and most versatile traditionalist technician in English-language poetry of his century." He ranges from the wit of "Down, Wanton, Down" to the intellectual scope of "To Juan at the Winter Solstice"; from the butterfly's "honest idiocy of flight" ("*Even the aerobatic swift / Has not his flying-crooked gift*") to an old lover's tenderness: "*Your eyelids droop, fearless and careless, / And sleep remoulds the lineaments of love.*" The bold countenance that stares out from under the Cordoba hat complements the reflective "Face in the Mirror":

Grey haunted eyes, absent-mindedly glaring
From wide, uneven orbits; one brow dropping
Somewhat over the eye
Because of a missile fragment still inhering.

In this fine biography, the active and pensive man unite in a living image. □

FILM

SWEET AND SOUR

JOHN SIMON

Goran Paskaljević's *Twilight Time*, a collaboration, shot in English, between Yugoslavs and Yugoslav-Americans, is the kind of film that walks the narrow ledge between sentiment and sentimentality, which, with most current reviewers, condemns it to walking the plank. A film about an 11-year-old boy and his pre-school sister—a boy, moreover, who

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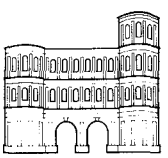
Introduction by William F. Buckley, Jr.

$12.95



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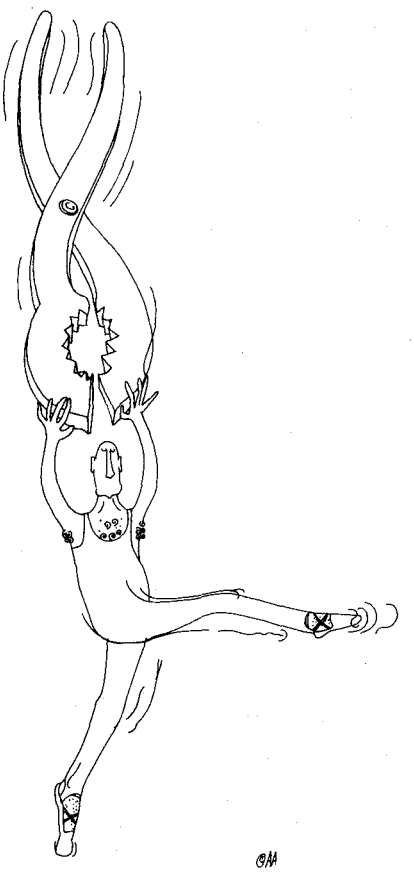
is being taken care of by (or, more exactly, taking care of) his jolly grandfather—is sticky business. The grandfather, Marko, has spent twenty years in America, made some money there, and has come back to live quietly on drink, memories, billiards, and watching his family evolve. In this last, he is somewhat foiled: his son and daughter-in-law have gone to work in Germany, and are sending back little mail and no money; they have, moreover, split up, and do not intend to return to their native Istrian village, a fact that Marko tries to keep from the grandchildren, Ivan and little Ana.

THERE IS also Lena, the pretty new schoolteacher who is sent to take over the disused schoolhouse, and whose classes Ivan, having to take care of the family house and land (with erratic help from Marko), tends to play hooky from. Lena, too, was brought up by her grandparents after her parents divorced, and she is a gentle but sturdy loner who befriends both Marko and Ivan. *Twilight Time*, named after the song Marko won the Harvest Ball dance contest to in Chicago years ago—a song he keeps playing on a 78 rpm record on an old phonograph that bears the legend "First Prize"—is, as you must have gathered by now, a small, unassuming movie that makes no concessions to the fashions of the day. It has to contend, moreover, with an unwarrantable drawback: Jodi Thelen, the actress who made Arthur Penn and Steve Tesich's *Four Friends* even worse than it had to be. As the Yugoslav Lena, she pronounces "Ivan" as "Even," and is so full of noble tremulousness that she gives not so much a performance as an oscillogram.

But the film has sweet, modest virtues. First, the director and co-author, Goran Paskaljević, does not milk the material for pathos; every scene is shorter than it might be in other hands, less crammed with closeups, less precious (though sometimes banal) in its dialogue. Tomislav Pinter's superb cinematography generally avoids extraneous prettiness, except for one sunset scene in which the wrinkled faces of crones glow like transfigured oranges. Otherwise, even the sunlight is restrained, the hills and vineyards and distant mountains are powdered over by a soupçon of mist, the light inside the houses often strains to assert itself against the dark, and the few streets of the well-scrubbed Slovene village look sober to the point of austerity. The main actors speak their own English, which may be a mixed blessing, since the scenarists (Filip David, Dan Tana, Rowland Barber, and the director) are not verbal artists of a high order; but, at least, there isn't much specious-sounding dubbing, and the dialogue does avoid bathos.

Karl Malden is fine as Marko, sidestepping obvious huggability by allowing the character a fair measure of ludicrousness; as Ivan, the English child actor Damien Nash manages the difficult trick of being precociously grown-up and responsible without seeming in the least cute or histrionic. That he is not a beautiful child is helpful, as is Malden's proboscis, which appears to be three separate and unsuccessful tries at a nose impatiently and inconclusively slapped together. Little Ana is a mite precious, but this is kept in check by her dopiness. Among the authentic villagers, the corpulent Pavle Vujišić, one of Yugoslavia's great character actors, radiates earthiness. (If this is an oxymoron, so much the better.)

The two distinguishing features of *Twilight Time* are its effective avoidance of the *scènes à faire*, and its uninsistent, almost haphazard but all the more suggestive, evocation of local folkways. Every one of the potentially big emotional scenes is either avoided in favor of its preamble and aftermath, or shot obliquely, from a distance, or with the central character's countenance bypassed in favor of other, onlooking faces. If most of the plot elements are slightly shopworn, the characters are nevertheless, as it were, purified by the mountain air; directed with simplicity and understatedly enacted, they do not *feel* like clichés. And the true drama of the film lies in all those village faces, where you find virtually no young or middle-aged adult ones: only those of children and old-timers. The center has fallen out of life (or, at any rate, gone to Germany), and it is the periphery that, somehow, must hold. Against this omnipresent melancholy, *Twilight Time* plays out its fairy tale, cautionary tale, or—simply—bittersweet acceptance of reality.



I HAVE NEVER had much use for Peter Weir, the Australian director who is no Fred Schepisi or Bruce Beresford, and *The Year of Living Dangerously* does nothing to change my mind. Based on a novel by C. J. Koch, who collaborated on the screenplay with Weir and the gifted David Williamson, the film concerns the year in Sukarno's Indonesia when an abortive Communist coup resulted not only in large-scale slaughter, but also in the beginning of Sukarno's downfall. Guy Hamilton (Mel Gibson) is a young Australian journalist who gets his first big chance in Djakarta, where he is taken under the wing of Billy Kwan, a photographer of Chinese-Australian parentage, and a midget to boot. Billy is an idealist who hopes against hope as well as available evidence that Sukarno can lead his country out of poverty and away from being a political football. He aids the natives in every way he can and helps Guy, who likewise seems decent and concerned, to get good stories for which he, Billy, supplies the photographs.

Played by the diminutive American actress (yes, actress) Linda Hunt, Billy is hopelessly in love with the tall and beautiful young Englishwoman Jill Bryant (Sigourney Weaver), an aide at the British embassy, and possibly involved in some sort of espionage. (Vagueness is one of Weir's two specialties; the other, as we shall see, is preposterousness.) Billy is Jill's best friend, has promoted her previous love affair, and now, with

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vicarious satisfaction, steers Guy and Jill together. He also keeps elaborate pictorial and verbal files on the people who interest him, and altogether tries to be the puppet who'll pull the puppeteer's strings: the imp, not of the ridiculous, but of the sublime.

The Year of Living Dangerously (as Sukarno, grandiosely, dubbed the year 1965, and the film, typically, fails to explain) has some positive aspects. The location shooting in the Philippines succeeds (I am told) in plausibly evoking Djakarta and environs; the contrast between diplomatic affluence and immunity and native poverty and non-immunity to deadly diseases is vividly enough conveyed; and the sodden, cynical Graham Greeneland of foreign correspondents working in frenzied spurts and as little as possible, while drinking and wenching (or, to coin a word, ladding) as much as conditions allow—and they allow plenty—is captured with slick but efficient nastiness.

Yet what is all this against the film's many thundering failures? Both Indonesia's bloody mess and the greater disaster of Vietnam looming in the background serve merely as a picturesque and allegedly suspenseful setting for a foolish love story involving Guy, Jill, and, indirectly, Billy. We get, for example, the lovers on their first night together, joy-riding through a military curfew blockade, and treating the gunfire riddling their car as if it were so much rice pelting newlyweds. When two of Guy's employees, secret Communists, abduct our hero so he cannot stand in the way of the putsch, he is taken to an exotic, secluded villa where he watches a stunning young woman do some sexy diving and has suitably erotic dreams. When Guy must catch the last plane out of Djakarta, on which Jill awaits him, he drives and marches (though seriously wounded) through revolution and counterrevolution (colorful mass executions by the roadside), bureaucratic red tape, and hundreds ahead of him trying to make that plane, triumphantly trots up into it and Jill's outspread arms at the last second, and blissfully flies off to haven and heaven.

Even that may not be the very worst. After Billy's idealistic, heroic, and quite unbelievable death, Guy and Jill are sadly going through the files in the dead dwarf's house in the woods. Soldiers are closing in on them; Guy bravely dispatches Jill in the car while bracing himself for the onslaught. The next scene takes place much later, and we never find out what happened. Still, I suppose, the audience should not know more than the director. Mel Gibson is handsome but wooden as Guy, Sigourney Weaver charming but un-British as Jill. Linda Hunt is good as Billy, but has as much difficulty keeping her voice low as Dustin Hoffman, in *Tootsie*, had keeping *his* high. □

DELECTATIONS

HAVING THE LAST WORD

NIKA HAZELTON

I wish space permitted printing all the amusing conversation openers our many contestants thought up, no doubt in hours of concentrated brooding. But here are the HONORABLE MENTIONS:

From Jeane Tarleton in London: "If you could change the color of custard, what color would you make it?"; and "Do you think two legs are better than three, and why?" From Kevin Embree of Portland, Ore.: "If your pets could talk, for how much would they blackmail you?" From A. Kenney, Union, N.J.: "Do you know whether rattlesnakes coil clockwise or counterclockwise?" From Tim Colarik, Warren, Ohio: "Can you think of some possible industrial use for Jell-O?" From D. S. Bakin, Boston: "Is it possible to smell the scent out of a rose, if you sniff at it long enough?" From B. Terry Thornton, Albany, Ga.: "Can you think of four reasons why handkerchiefs are square?"; and "Name eight colors you've never seen."

From Carolyn H. Medley, Clinton, Tenn.: "If we added a 27th letter to the alphabet (and shouldn't we, really?) what would we call it?" From Corinna Marsh, New York City: "Will you explain to me how a zipper works?" From David J. Ulrich, Fargo, N.D.: "Have you ever hypnotized your pet?" From George E. Goodwine, Warrensburg, Mo.: "How do you contemplate perpetual existence on one planet, even under ideal conditions? I don't think the human mind can really handle it, do you?" From Marcia Manion, Wauwatosa, Wis.: "Describe how you divide an egg." From Catherine Chrismer, Bel Air, Md.: "What if dogs changed character with cats and began to purr and meow—would you love them less or more?" From Vicki White, Rochester, N.Y.: "Where do you least mind dust accumulating in your home?"

From Mrs. Charles O'Halloran, Jefferson City, Mo.: "Who is more right about you—your friends or your enemies?" From Ruth P. Ogden, Ithaca, N.Y.: "If you were assured of reincarnation to other than a human being, what would you want to be and why?" From Dean Smith, Pewaukee, Wis.: "If you met an uncommunicative person at a party, how would you start the conversation?" From Clarissa G. Weiss, Kew Gardens, N.Y.: "Why do you think typewriter keys are not in alphabetical order?" From Phillip E. Jennings, Oklahoma City: "Don't you think most animals must have nicknames for one another?" From Colin Heller, Alma Center, Wis.: "If primitive man rubbed two sticks to discover fire, what made him believe he might get fire, or was he trying for something else?"

From Eleanor Bartlett, Bonsall, Calif.: "How does the aspirin know what you want it to do (headaches, sore elbow, etc.)?" From Geri Faulhaber, Buchanan, Mich.: "What would your mother think if she could see you now?" From David H. Oder, Cincinnati: "If there is life after death, how do we know we aren't buried somewhere?" From Judith Nichols, Mesa, Ariz.: "Without using your hands to demonstrate, explain how to tie a shoe." From Brad E. Hainsworth, Salt Lake City: "I understand they committed your analyst." From Jeffrey J. Junker, New Orleans: "Did you realize that the proliferation of the digital watch could obsolete words such as clockwise and counterclockwise?" From Shuyla Bergman, Los Angeles: "If B.C. is in English, why is A.D. in Latin?"

The BOOBY PRIZE—*Favorite Brand-Name Recipes, Soups and Sandwiches*, by the Editors of Consumer Guide ("The most popular recipes *you've* clipped from food packages!")—to Amy R. Schechter, New York City, for: "Can you do any origami with table napkins?"; "Please recite some of your poetry"; and "Which knot is that in your tie?"

As you ponder the inscrutable judgment of your incorruptible judges, I sincerely hope all of you will find comfort in stunning the folks around you with your own imaginative conversation starters. We at NATIONAL REVIEW

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thank you for your efforts and kind words and say *au revoir* until next year's "Delectations" contest. □

The GIMLET EYE

GOOCH

D. KEITH MANO

I'm waiting for Atari or Intellivision to bring out a 1950s stickball cartridge. That'd be real hard software, man. You know, twitch the joystick and you wham the ball foul onto Mrs. Moclair's fourth-story fire escape. Or down some bottomless airshaft. Backpedal to catch the final out and—blip!—get cronked by a 1949 Studebaker. Imagine *those* computer graphics. Street stickball was all hot corner. When someone said suicide squeeze, they meant just that. In what other game could you go from first base to the precinct house on an infield single?

Last summer, at my neighborhood mom-and-pop bodega, I saw machine-lathed stickball bats for sale. I mean friction tape on the handle and everything but a Huntz Hall autograph. This bent my purist sense out of plumb. First: stickball bats are never bought, they're always stolen, or, um, borrowed. And you don't manufacture one, any more than you'd coin-operate your own brain. In my day—this is 1951 or 1952—we had to unscrew Mother's broom handle while she was doing the wash with Rinso. Risky business that. New York police had a crusade going against swung wood. Far as I could tell, seven of ten men on their Most Wanted list must've been stickball players. After all, what else did policemen have to do? No one had yet invented pot or cocaine or even sex. Hoogie! Hoogie! somebody would yell. We'd slam-slide our bats under a parked truck and book it. Still the squad car caught us up. I can remember one sergeant rapping me but good across the shins with my own family's mop handle. Yet what could I say? They hadn't invented police brutality back then either.

A ball cost 15¢ (when last did you see the ¢ sign? It has been inflated right out of our retail vocabulary). You could buy a Spalding ("Spaldeen") Hi-Bounce, which lasted longest and took spit better if you were into strange squeegee curve balls. Or you could buy the now-defunct Pennsy Pinkie. Pennsies smelled of marshmallow when new and would bounce like an apoplectic frog. They did tend at some crucial instant—bottom of the ninth, say—to crack in half. Whereupon we would finish off by playing Seam or Split ball. Your half Pennsy could speak Hungarian and was, indeed, a creative plaything. If, by some act of God, you hit the broken seam edge, Mr. P.P. could roll as whole balls do. If you hit it flat, you got this pop fly that waffled and fishtailed and was harder to catch than a yawn. Conditions could get rather primitive. I remember once, after several policemen had sawed our mop handles in half, we were left to hit a half ball with a half bat. Gooch said, naturally, that we'd just play the bottom of each inning.

Gooch, since you ask, was stickball commissioner for Inwood (upper Manhattan). He actually wore one of those weird saw-tooth hats you see on Jughead in an Archie comic. Gooch was tall: thin, both flexible and stiff: he bent rather the way my Tensor lamp does and he could be as concentrated. Gooch had had an ear job (before the operation they hung down like taxi-cab straps). Now and then his mother would yell from her fifth-story window, "Watch your ears, f' Jesus' sake, Dominick." Not the sort of thing that'd body-build a male ego. Gooch, though, didn't mind. Me, I'd have swallowed ground glass and said, "So long, world."

Gooch was irrepressible. Not only did he organize our sport, he also did a radio play-by-play *during* every game—his voice could wake railroad sleepers up. Gooch had perfected a Mel Allen drawl. There were "Hullo theah, evuhbodys" and "How 'bout thats" and "Ballantine blasts" stuck in with much tracer-bullet raunch. "Jaybird Mano steps to the plate, yes sir. And a roar goes up from the hometown folk. How 'bout that—Jaybird's fly is open again." Swing and miss and zip. But, as a result, we took our self-hit sewer-ball games very seriously. Gooch gave us coverage: we were bouncing off the ionosphere with Walter Winchell, or so it felt. I was ten before I found out that my whiffs and stone-hand catching hadn't really been heard over Armed Forces Radio.

Gooch was also a natural with chalk: yellow, green, blue, red, white shotgun-shell-thick pieces of it. If you patted his shoulder, the dust count around Dyckman Street went up. Every day was Decoration Day for Gooch. The $100,000 Yankee Stadium electric scoreboard had just been built. Gooch could reproduce it exactly on Mr. Elson's tailor-shop wall. Then while mouthing a bee-bee-bizz-bee sound (he thought electric should make noise), Gooch would update each department, even the ball and strike count. He was busy as O'Hare on Christmas Eve and his free-hand letters came up letter-perfect. Often he'd throw in an out-of-town score—from Arden Street or Seaman Avenue. Gooch, moreover, was responsible for our chalk-drawn diamond: one-dimensional groundskeeping, you might say. If he could, when we were up against Nagle Avenue, Gooch would chalk first base around a pile of dog mush. That bangbang lead-off play at first base left the Nagle Avenue runner cursing and curbing his shoe sole.

One morning in June of 1951 Gooch traded me from Thayer Street to Dongan Place—for a keen orange-crate wood skatemobile. That just about did me in. For one week I reported to Dongan Place, three blocks away, but there I might as well have been so much lawn food. Though I could hit and run OK, actual mileage tended to vary on my throw from third. And Spaldeen grounders came at me each like a wild rhymeless limerick. I was lonesome and homesick and much less attractive than their skatemobile. At last I told my mother, who thought I'd been taken by a kidnapper who worked days only. She made, I suspect, a straight cash deal with Gooch which had stiff no-cut language in it. But this didn't fool me: here I was all of nine years old and already a journeyman infielder. □

(Coming Up: Subtleties of Sewer Ball.)

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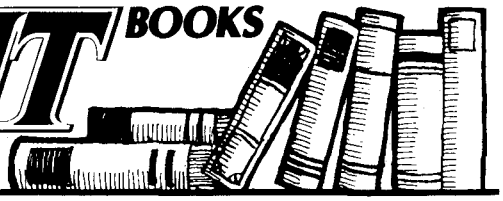
THE RIGHT BOOKS



CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

IN THE first paragraph of *Progress of Economic Reform in the People's Republic of China* (American Enterprise Institute, 1150 Seventeenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036; $2.95), D. Gale Johnson, after noting that new administrations have recently come to power in China and the U.S., suggests that they share many similar policy objectives. "Furthermore, their perceptions of the basic difficulties confronting their respective economies have much in common." Johnson continues:

> Each administration hopes to reduce the role of government and, especially, the role of the central government. Both administrations have tried to restrain the growth of expenditures by the central government. . . . The new administrations believe in supply-side economics. They have put their faith in increasing incentives for both work and savings . . .

Although it is not clear what lesson is to be learned from this congruity that might make it truly interesting, Johnson's account of the new Chinese leadership's attempt to reverse the mayhem worked upon the economy by the Great Leap Forward and the Cultural Revolution is at least instructive.

Johnson, an agrarian economist, presents a brief but fairly comprehensive history of the policies, programs, and political and administrative institutions that shaped the Chinese economy from 1959 to 1976 (the year the Gang of Four was purged). According to Johnson, the period 1957-1977 produced little increase in the incomes of the peasants, while from 1957 to 1979 real wages in the urban sector did not increase at all.

Under Mao, China's economy was subjected to "forced-draft . . . growth for growth's sake," as the Chairman sought to apply directly the inspiration he had received from Stalin's Five-Year Plans. This resulted in a very high rate of accumulation, or investment, and the neglect of the agricultural and consumerist sectors. Now, Johnson believes, the present administration seeks to do away with this ideological and bureaucratic meddling. As Xue Muqiao, a Chinese economist, has expressed it in what Johnson calls "a remarkable book," *China's Socialist Economy* (Peking: Foreign Languages Press, 1981):

> Since our economic foundation is poor and our people's living standard is low, improving people's life should have priority in national economic planning. The national economy will not grow fast until the people are adequately fed and clothed and so work with enthusiasm, making possible a bigger rise in production and, consequently, a gradual rise in the rate of accumulation, an expansion of capital construction, and the acceleration of the four modernizations [agriculture; industry; science and technology; defense].

Just what reforms will come out of this intellectual ferment Johnson refuses to specify. China's present leadership, he suggests, is behaving experimentally, drawing back fast from unsuccessful trials. But the outlines, he believes, are clear: the creation of a system that will give greater emphasis to current consumption; the "significant" decentralization of authority; greater freedom for free enterprises in the use of resources; and, he hopes, a far greater reliance upon market prices. In addition to this, Johnson expects that agriculture will receive a higher priority, in terms of investment and a more adequate pricing system. Finally, he foresees a great relaxation of Mao's law of the "Iron Rice Bowl," which prohibits the firing of even the slackest worker, in the name of "equality."

ALREADY, Johnson claims, results are apparent. Since 1977 China has experienced increases in real wages in urban areas and in incomes in agricultural regions; the impressive extension of work responsibility systems; more efficient methods of planning and price control; and, most striking, the return of private enterprise to the cities. But all of this remains subservient to a socialist economy, which, Johnson reminds us, the Chinese have no intention of abandoning. □

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

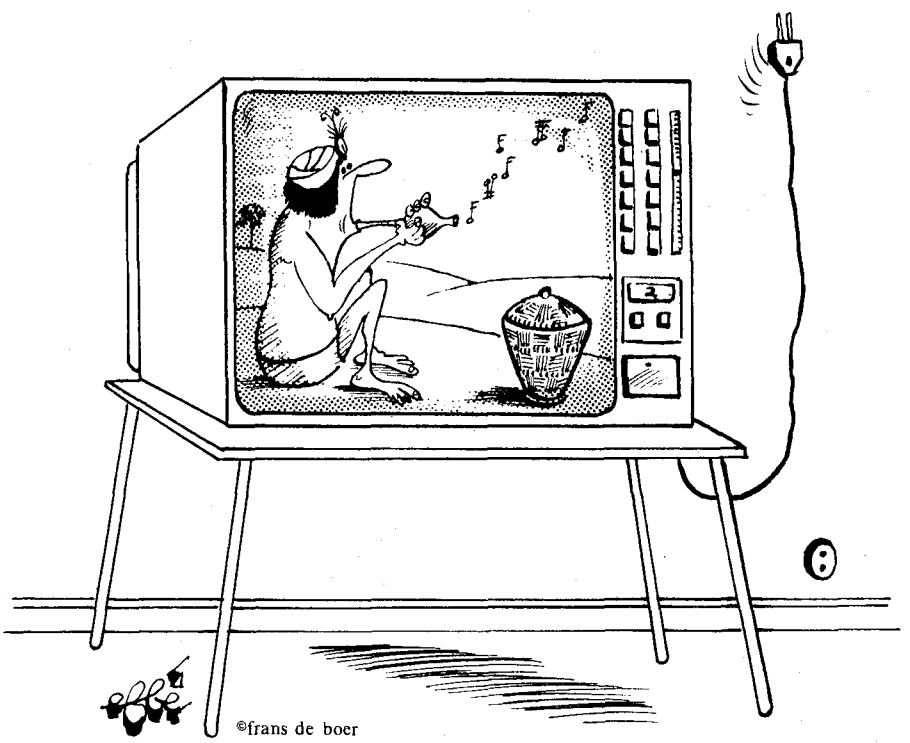
WAR IN THE FALKLANDS, *The Full Story, by the Sunday Times of London Insight Team (Harper & Row, 294 pp., $14.95).* It was April 2, 1982, the Argentine invasion fleet was approaching the Falklands, and the British commander on the islands could spare only two men, Marines Wilcox and Milne, to oppose the expected landing in York Bay. They were ordered to "bloody the nose" of the enemy and then (if still ambulatory) to retreat. As it happened, the Argentine advance units came by air, not by sea. By the next morning, Argentina held the main island; all that remained was for Governor Rex Hunt to surrender—which he did, but not until he had ordered his Argentine opposite number, Admiral Busser, "and all your people" to quit the islands at once. Hunt had a certain flair. Nonetheless, the Union Jack was hauled down. Ten weeks later it would again fly over Stanley. *War in the Falklands*, written by a team of reporters from the *Sunday Times* of London, recounts not only what happened in the field—tales of derring-do, of heroism and blunders, of space-age weaponry and death in foxhole, bunker, and icy waters—but also the diplomatic maneuvers that preceded and accompanied the fighting. Appeasement hadn't worked. When Argentine workmen raised their flag on South Georgia Island—an obvious provocation—Lord Carrington first wrote a stiff note to Buenos Aires, but then decided not to send it. "Ironically," the authors conclude, "this careful restraint had the opposite effect in Buenos Aires, where it reinforced the Argentinian view that the British were not disposed to take strong action over the Falklands." That was a bad miscalculation, as President Galtieri was to discover. Once the die was cast, Britain became its professional best. First it took the diplomatic offensive: at the United Nations, where it lobbied successfully for Resolution 502 condemning the Argentine invasion; in Washington, where Ambassador Henderson rounded up congressional support; in Brussels, where the Common Market was persuaded to boycott Argentine goods; at NATO headquarters, where allied commanders obligingly looked the other way as Britain shipped out vital NATO units because "the South Atlantic was to prove the best testing ground ever devised for the ships, planes, and missiles on which NATO forces rely." Margaret Thatcher never wavered. Britain would negotiate nothing under the gun. Her people backed her up, and her army, navy, and air force did the job. In contrast, there was bombast and disarray in an Argentina almost totally unprepared for war, and rifts among the ruling junta. But while unprepared, Argentina's professional soldiers and elite units fought courageously and died gallantly. It was the ill-trained, ill-equipped, and ill-fed draftees who broke and ran. The authors have particular praise for the Argentine pilots who went back into the fray day after day, taking and inflicting appalling losses in aging Skyhawks that were outmatched and outmaneuvered by the British Harriers—blackbirds against falcons, as one observer noted. *War in the Falklands* is a fascinating book, and much enhanced by easily understood maps and graphics.

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

WHERE HAVE I BEEN? *An Autobiography, by Sid Caesar with Bill Davidson (Crown, 280 pp., $12.95).* "Your husband is going to be a big, big star," producer Max Liebman told Sid Caesar's wife shortly before work began on the premiere, in 1950, of NBC's *Your Show of Shows*—to which Florence Caesar nervously replied: "Couldn't he just be a *little* star?" Liebman was right, of course; *Your Show of Shows* became an instant hit, swept the 1951 Emmy Awards, and won for its brilliant star a lasting place in the ranks of the great comedians. But Mrs. Caesar was right, too; sudden fame, added to the unresolved conflicts of a Jewish-Yonkers-Depression childhood, turned her gifted husband into a pill-popping alcoholic who vomited away twenty years of his life, ending up as a forgotten washout working the dinner-theater circuit. With the release in 1972 of *Ten from Your Show of Shows*, a movie put together from old kinescopes of the original television broadcasts, more and more people began to wonder exactly what had happened to Sid Caesar since he vanished from network TV in the late Fifties. *Where Have I Been?* is his belated answer. An as-told-to autobiography skillfully edited by Bill Davidson, *Where Have I Been?* couples a harrowing account of Caesar's "twenty-year blackout" with a charming memoir of the four chaotic seasons during which Caesar, Imogene Coca, Carl Reiner, Howard Morris, and a now-legendary staff of writers (among them Neil Simon, Woody Allen, and Mel Brooks) churned out an hour and a half of madly funny live television week after week. Mr. Caesar is now on the wagon and back at work again; he recently finished preparing five hundred half-hour tapes drawn from the *Your Show of Shows* and *Caesar's Hour* kinescope libraries for either syndication or cable television sale. It's about time, too—but until his tapes reach your television set, be sure to pick up a copy of *Where Have I Been?* and keep pestering your local art house to start showing *Ten from Your Show of Shows* on, say, a monthly basis. Jeffrey Hart is right: the Fifties *were* the good old days.

TERRY TEACHOUT

WALL-TO-WALL AMERICA: *A Cultural History of Post Office Murals in the Great Depression, by Karal Ann Marling (University of Minnesota, 348 pp., $35; paper, $14.95).* The murals that were painted in post offices from Kennebunkport to Los Gatos during the decade 1932-1942 were commissioned by a section of the Treasury Department, partly to provide work relief and partly to advertise the New Deal's social philosophy. With few exceptions they were pedestrian and have been deservedly forgotten. One problem was



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that the New Deal *had* no coherent social philosophy. Another was that the project's paymasters could never decide whom to please: the middle-class public, which generally wanted to see its ideals of material progress and family togetherness bodied forth in familiar styles ranging from Tiepolo to Maxfield Parrish, or the artists, who were gingerly sidestepping such minefields as Abstraction and Bolshevism. In the end, few were pleased, not even the would-be artists who were handing out the federal bureaucracy's modest plums. Miss Marling tells the complex story with unflagging gusto, wit, and learning, but in her effort to be even-handed she fails to make the point that the public, with its insistence on historical kitsch, got what it deserved. Or was it that the bureaucrats were too timid to fight for good art? Or that few of the artists were capable of producing it? Interesting murals by Wendell Jones, Fletcher Martin, Loring Thompson, Marion Gilmore, Stefan Hirsch, and Seymour Fogel are ascribed to the National Archives. One would like to know whether they are still in the post offices for which they were painted. The great Ben Shahn series painted for the Treasury Department's Section of Fine Arts in the Social Security building at Independence Avenue and Third Street in Washington, D.C. is not mentioned. Are there others of that caliber we should know about, and can still see?

SELDEN RODMAN

THORNE

(Continued from page 320)

family could solve its conflicts a million different ways," he told me. "They don't have to live in America or in the Soviet Union. There are lots of other places besides the United States or the Ukraine."

But how realistic is this suggestion? Does Mr. Grossman truly believe that the Polovchak family could just pick up and go anywhere it wished? Hasn't he heard how difficult it is to emigrate from the Soviet Union, and the extreme measures that some people must take—such as prolonged hunger strikes —just to join family members? Also, the family is not a monolithic unit; it is composed of individuals, and it is wracked by internal dissension.

In April of last year, Michael Polovchak was allowed to come to the United States upon the request of his son's lawyers, to give depositions. Anna and the youngest child remained in the Soviet Union. On the first day Michael Polovchak testified in a self-assured, cocky manner, insisting that he had been an ideal father. But on ensuing days, when he was asked about his girlfriend and other unpleasant matters, he denied everything and said he was not feeling well. During his brief stay in Chicago he was served with papers in which Walter Polowczak is petitioning to have custody of his young cousin. This case is bogged down in the court calendar like the other three, and will not soon be decided.

During a dramatic meeting with his children, Michael Polovchak told them that it was their duty to return to their homeland, but both Natalie and Walter again refused. Several times they invited their father to visit them at their homes, but he didn't go, and he refused to tell them where he was staying. The Soviet Embassy was in charge of his accommodations. The children invited their father to spend Orthodox Easter with them on April 18, but once again he would not join them, because he was busy celebrating Lenin's birthday. After that, he returned to the Soviet Union alone, as he had once wished. □

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Explaining Indexation

On The Right

New York, Feb. 23—Pete Domenici? *Howard Baker*? GERALD FORD? What do these fine gentlemen have in common, as revealed during the past three days?

Senator Domenici is the chairman of the Senate Budget Committee, and he expressed himself as pleased with certain proposals made by Dan Rostenkowski, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee. The idea is to collect more tax money in order to pay for the measures Congress has enacted. On Rostenkowski's list of things to do is to repeal the measure that, beginning in 1985, would provide for indexation of the tax exemption, the tax threshold, and the tax brackets. Senator Baker is quoted as agreeing with this proposal. And two days later, participating in a public-policy seminar at the Ford Library in Ann Arbor along with Jimmy Carter, Mr. Ford said that he also believes in repealing the indexation provision. [See "Stealth Tax," p. 306, which explains the media's opposition to indexing.]

Now, concerning most questions it is true that there are two points of view that are defensible. But it is very difficult to defend a rise in the rate of taxation by authority of: inflation. In fact it is so difficult to find a defense of taxation by bracket creep that it hasn't ever been done. They don't talk about the desirability of bracket creep. They start at the other end, and talk about how awful it is to have a huge deficit, and how important it is to raise money. That is called reasoning *a posteriori*, or from the particular to the general. It is the logical equivalent of reasoning that Tony Benn is a public menace and therefore somebody ought to shoot him. If anyone has defended taxation, by bracket creep, out of inflation, through *a priori* reasoning, kindly advise me, and I will send the finder a $100 bill, and the paralogist back to school.

Here, dry bones, is how it works.

1. The Constitution of the United States authorizes Congress to tax. It is the duty of Congress to specify what the tax is to be. That duty is discharged with reference to a number of considerations: the need for money; the evaluation of capacity to pay; whatever.

2. Congress must defend existing tax codes, and can honestly do so only if those tax codes reflect conditions that obtain at the time the thinking is done. This principle is acknowledged in excise taxes that are set as a percentage. A 3 per cent tax on a telephone call is philosophically sounder than a 16-cent tax on a pack of cigarettes. The government's take remains a percentage of the price of the telephone call. But the figure 16 cents reflects a judgment made at a time when a pack of cigarettes costs a buck. If cigarettes dropped in price to, say, ten cents, a 16-cent tax would be difficult to defend.

IF CONGRESS reasons that the bare cost of raising a child is $1,000, and therefore authorizes a $1,000 deduction per child, how is its reasoning at this point going to apply in a situation in which the cost of living has doubled (as it did between 1972 and 1980)? Suppose that Congress reasons that no one whose annual income is only $3,000 should be taxed at all, $3,000 being the poverty level. But then, because of inflation, the poverty level rises to $6,000. If it was right not to tax at all for $3,000, why is it not right to apply the same reasoning at a time when $6,000 has become the equivalent of $3,000?

And of course the argument proceeds logically in the matter of rates of taxation. In 1972, the bachelor who earned $20,000 was in the 38 per cent tax bracket and was required to pay a tax of $5,230. By 1980, that man, in order to enjoy the same purchasing power, needed to earn $40,000, but now he found himself in the 50 per cent bracket and having to pay a tax of $13,500.

Who legislated that tax increase? Not Congress. What do you mean, not Congress? Article I, Section 1 of the Constitution says, "All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States." And Section 8 reads, "The Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises." What Messrs. Rostenkowski, Domenici, Baker, and Ford have approved of is a delegation of legislative power to inflation. It's easier that way than to raise taxes, but it's also unconstitutional. □

ON HANDLING GAYS

New York, March 2—In an essay of mine recently published in *The New Yorker*, one reference (to homosexuals) especially provoked some of the readers, some of them homosexual, one or two heterosexual, including one who devotes much of his spare time (he is a lawyer) to running an organization whose aim it is to instruct parents on how to deal with homosexual children.

What I had written touched on the case of Robert Bauman. He was the congressman from Maryland who just over two years ago was revealed to have solicited sex from a young male. In the ensuing tumult, he laid the blame for his transgression (or is this word too strong?) on alcohol, addressed his constituents as a family man determined to reform (or is this the wrong word?), addressed the court agreeing to psychiatric consultation (is this loading the question?). He was defeated, but two years later, pronouncing himself entirely cured (again, wrong word?), he entered the primary race for his old seat, but ultimately withdrew.

I had mentioned, in the same connection, the researches of Professor Allen Weinstein, who was preparing his book on Alger Hiss and had access for the first time to FBI files which revealed that Whittaker Chambers had furnished the prosecution with an affidavit in which he confessed (there we go again) that for five years during the early Thirties he had been an active homosexual, but that since then he had led an exemplary life as a husband, and father.

You will perhaps have surmised that what irritated some, and angered others, was the planted axiom in describing the two situations. I had gone on to say that I accepted Bauman's self-description as "cured." This word twice gave offense. The people in question insisted that "curing" homosexuality is on the order of "curing" redheadedness. I.e., that there is nothing there to cure, homosexuality being a normal condition. Others stressed that the word "cure" is inappropriate because there is no such thing as curing homosexuality. The lawyer laid great stress on this

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point, insisting that a homosexual is born such, and discovers very early in life that such are his appetites; and that modern psychiatry declines to use the word "cure" either in the sense that the discussion is of a disease that needs curing, or in the sense that homosexuality is curable.

A few things need now to be said. The first and most obvious of these is that good manners require that one accept the testimony of the person being discussed. If a man several times apprehended in kleptomaniac acts tells you on New Year's Day that he is "cured" and will never again shoplift, civility surely enjoins you to take him at his word, even if skepticism catches you hiding the Queen Anne when he comes to visit. In other words, one accepts the postulates dictated by the homosexual himself. If he says to you that he no longer is tempted by homosexuality, one would think that the correct way to face the social question is not by saying: "Sir, that is impossible. Modern psychiatry pronounces that once a homosexual, always a homosexual."

My critics appear to be saying that anyone who makes such a profession either is lying, or was never really a homosexual—because he had, say as a schoolboy, engaged in a little sexual adventurism. But once again, the social problem precludes an exploration of the question. To such as Mr. Bauman, it is not appropriate to say: "Sir, you never were homosexual, either that or, if you were, I pronounce you a hypocrite in advertising yourself as having been made whole."

But that there should be those who do in fact pronounce themselves as "cured" certainly does suggest that there attaches to homosexuality a stigma. Here my own judgment is that the stigma should be, so to speak, fine-tuned. My lawyer friend announces that, after all, 10 per cent of the American population, male and female, is homosexual; how then can the condition be thought of as abnormal? To which the easiest answer, of course, is that anything that outnumbered is indeed abnormal, if the word normal is reserved for those who are average, in a sense, say, of having ten fingers. Beyond that, there is the abnormality that attaches to the biologically irrefutable fact that if everyone were homosexual, there would not, tomorrow, be anyone at all. The call of nature is, then, heterosexual, since nature is reproductive. It is for some such reason that homosexuality has for so long been designated as *contra naturam* —against nature.

Whether, given the abnormality and the extra-natural attributes of homosexuality, society should then go on to tease, let alone torment, homosexuals is, in my judgment, the basic question. But there are two sides to it. On the one hand, one should not tease/torment the homosexual. On the other, the homosexual should not pronounce himself other than—abnormal, and extra-natural. Fair enough? □

THE ANDY WARHOL CONFERENCE

New York, Feb. 18—The President of France, acting through his Minister of Culture, M. Jack Lang, brought a houseful of artists and intellectuals to Paris for a weekend's deliberations on the role of culture in resolving the world's economic ills. One might call it the Andy Warhol Cultural-Economic Conference. As a matter of fact, Andy was not there, though it was certainly an oversight if he was not invited. So to speak, everyone else was. Norman Mailer, Kate Millett, William Styron, Susan Sontag, Mary McCarthy, Peter Ustinov—but need we go on? John T. Flynn once wrote, in his book *Country Squire in the White House*, of a meeting, aboard Franklin Delano Roosevelt's yacht, of the President-elect, Henry Morgenthau, and Rexford Tugwell, who had come together before FDR's inaugural to discuss the Great Depression. Never in the history of economics, remarked Mr. Flynn, had a single boat contained so little knowledge of economics.

The meeting in Paris was put together by the man who last summer caused a considerable stir in Mexico at the UN-sponsored World Conference on Cultural Policy. There M. Lang lashed out at the cultural imperialism of the United States. Exactly what he was complaining about was hard for some of the delegates to infer, given that his opening remarks included the following sentences: "Cuba is a valuable country that is building a new society. Their socialism is different from ours, but we respect it. And to think that at present some continue contesting the right of that country to live and to live freely choosing their own political regime! We cannot accept that." People looked at each other in amazement. The Minister of Culture of France appeared to have suggested that the Cuban people had had a choice in deciding to live under a totalitarian dictator who in the encouragement of culture has developed a taste for, among other things, torturing poets.

Others had difficulty understanding the meaning of what M. Lang was saying, perhaps because his language is, well, not easy to follow. He is reported to have said, "I say culture and economy: the same struggle. It is not necessary to cover one's eyes or be angelical: reality is here as it is uncontestable. The struggle of the classes, national and international, affects art and culture. Beauty is the art of living, and profiteers are not always concerned with art or life." To those who claim that the most inscrutable sentence in the modern English language is Gertrude Stein's "Toasted Susie is my ice cream," one can only say, "That was before Lang."

What, other than that America is a rich country, was the gravamen of the complaint of the Andy Warhol Cultural Conference? Mr. E. J. Dionne of the *New York Times* had a little difficulty in putting his finger exactly on it, but he reported that the delegates agreed that there was such a thing as "cultural imperialism." And if there was a villain at that conference, it was the U.S. television show *Dallas*. Speaker after speaker referred to the internationally popular program as an example of the power of the United States to project what they saw as some of the worst products of U.S. culture into almost every home in the non-Communist world.

Dallas is a serial about a self-centered, opportunistic, lustful, corrupt, and corrupting businessman. It is apparently as much a hit in Europe as it has been in the United States. It surprises that the Andy Warhol people are put off by this, inasmuch as it portrays an American businessman in just the light in which they like to view him: arrogant, selfish, and anti-social in his impact on society. Perhaps one should add that it is surprising that the Communist world has *not* subsidized the running of *Dallas*.

But the ultimate incoherence lies, of course, in blaming Hollywood producers for making something that entertains French viewers. France has been around a long time, and if M. Lang is angry with the French for tuning in on *Dallas*, he is either a) angry about French education, which some regard as the best in the world; or b) angry about human nature, in which case we will all join him, save Fidel Castro, who believes that human nature is taking us all toward Communism.

It continues to be great sport to be anti-American. And the Warhol Conference to de-Coca-Colanize Europe was fun at the level at which anything can be fun if you have Mary McCarthy sitting on your left, Graham Greene on your right. The gifted William Styron reported that "it was hard to get a fix" on what it was all about, but that he felt as if he were "sloshing around in the bilge." If he had been Nat Turner, he'd have choked M. Jack Lang, or would that be another act of cultural imperialism? □

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Y. A Turkish saber — 74 78 108 176 149 173 181 51

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 342 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

					1 F		2 L	3 M	4 G	5 I		6 R	7 N	8 C		9 K	10 A
	11 P	12 S	13 T	14 K	15 W	16 V		17 W	18 H	19 N		20 R	21 X	22 C		23 X	24 N
25 D		26 G	27 D	28 B	29 N		30 K	31 G	32 H	33 A	34 Q		35 V	36 S	37 J	38 A	39 I
40 U	41 E	42 W	43 F		44 A	45 G	46 H		47 O	48 C		49 V	50 Q	51 Y	52 K	53 A	54 H
55 Q	56 H	57 J		58 E	59 F		60 V	61 G	62 N	63 X	64 I		65 N		66 I	67 R	68 C
69 H	70 W		71 D	72 B	73 N	74 Y		75 Q	76 U		77 V	78 Y	79 I	80 F	81 L		82 C
83 I		84 X	85 B	86 J		87 O	88 E	89 K	90 P		91 A	92 N		93 C		94 R	95 E
96 A	97 Q	98 B		99 C	100K	101D		102M	103K		104C	105N		106T		107N	108Y
109J	110K	111L		112W	113A	114L		115T	116P	117J	118M	119W	120P	121J		122M	123W
124K		125L	126P	127D	128M		129P	130A	131F	132C	133G		134O	135J	136F	137L	
138T	139Q	140X	141J		142C	143K	144R	145F	146E	147W	148R	149Y		150C	151O		152L
153G		154U		155M	156E	157S	158M	159R	160L	161C	162X	163V		164X	165A	166M	167S
168O		169C	170B	171S	172W	173Y	174O	175E		176Y	177B	178S		179J	180F	181Y	182C
183W	184S	185L		186R		187W	188N	189F	190V	191K	192U						

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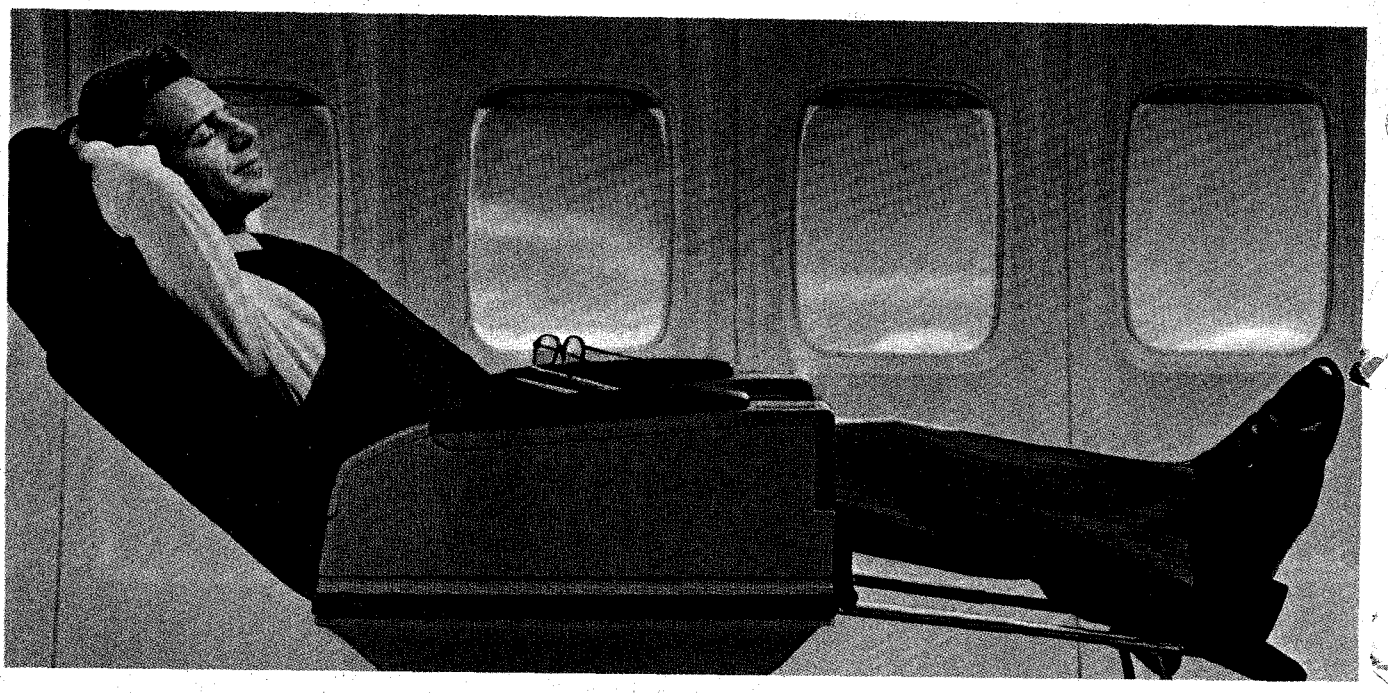

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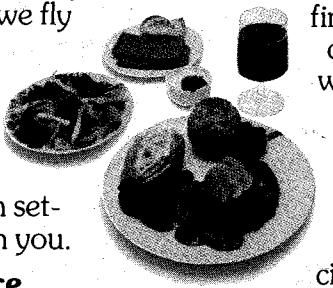

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